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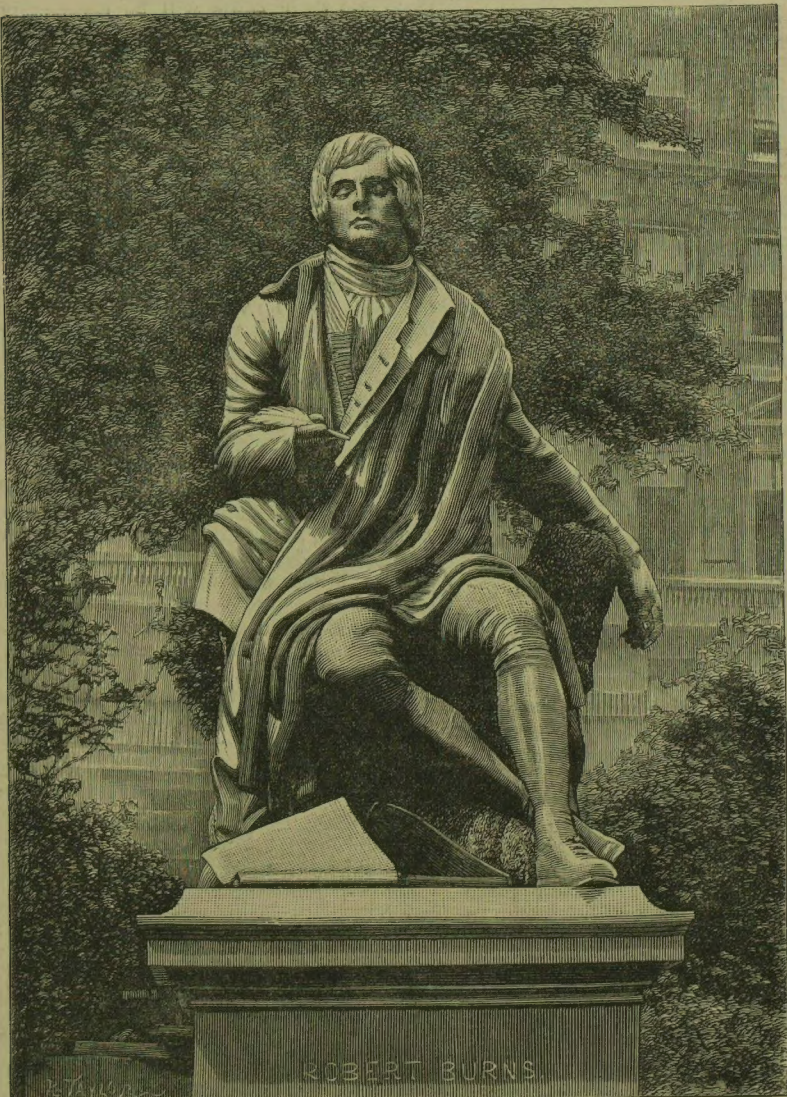
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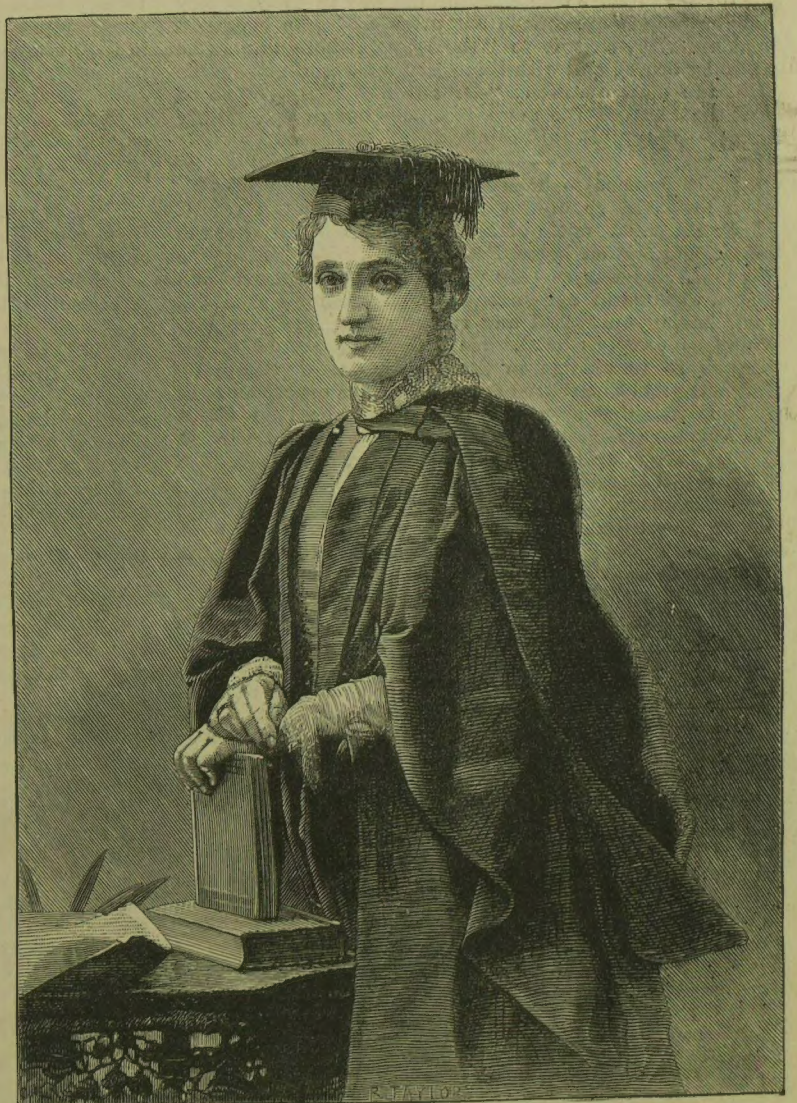
MADAME KOWALEVSKI,
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF STOCKHOLM.



THE REV. EDMOND WARRE, M.A.,
THE NEW HEAD-MASTER OF ETON.



STATUE OF BURNS, BY SIR JOHN STEELL, R.S.A.,
ERECTED ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



MISS M. C. DAWES,
THE FIRST LADY M.A. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.



Goodwood is the meeting at which our French neighbours achieved their first successes on our Turf; in 1840, when the Duc d'Orléans, who has been dead more than forty years, won the Goodwood Cup with Beggarman (bred in England, however), and, in 1853, when M. A. Lupin, who is still alive and hearty, and the "Father" of the French Jockey Club, won the Goodwood Cup with Jouvence (bred in France). This year M. A. Staub, of the Haras de Louvray, a French owner with a German name (like Baron Schickler), kept up the Goodwood tradition in a manner that would have attracted attention in the old times before Fille de l'Air, Hospodar, Gladiateur, Chamant, Rayon d'Or, and other French horses showed their heels to the English. For at the late Goodwood Meeting M. A. Staub's filly Stockholm (bred in France), four years old, won the Goodwood Stakes (worth £645) and the Corinthian Plate (worth about £350); a success which, thirty years ago, would have been noticed in an "official" document. Baron de Rothschild also, at the late meeting, won the Queen's Plate with Louis d'Or (bred in France). Nobody will grudge the millionaire his 200 gs.; but it is quite certain that, whatever may be the use and intention of Royal Plates, they were not meant to "encourage" horses "bred abroad."

So the Conference is at an end: chiefly, if not entirely, because the French and the English estimates of prospective receipts differed. The English proposal for a reduction of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, to be made up subsequently, if the French estimates were found to be the more correct, was very fair and reasonable on the face of it; but probably the French representatives knew how dangerous it is to rely upon an if. When you are to be paid in full, if there should be any surplus, it seems to be somebody's business, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to invent something that shall swallow up what would have been the surplus. And if the supplementary $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent could only be raised by oppression, most bondholders, it is to be hoped, whether English, French, German, Italian, or other, would rather submit to the reduction—not cheerfully, of course, but as resignedly as possible.

Taglioni, in consequence of a recent publication, has come to be talked about almost as much as she was in her life-time. A French writer says that the two sisters Ellsler, or Essler (of whom Thérèse sacrificed herself entirely to bring out the graces of Fanny in "the Cachucha"), jointly just "balanced" Taglioni—that is, the two together were just equal to her alone, if comparison be possible between such different styles. The two sisters, he says, "étaient surtout femmes, tandis que l'autre était fée"; and so, very naturally, the two sisters "plaisaient plus aux hommes, Taglioni aux femmes." By-the-way one of the sisters, Thérèse to wit, who died only a few years ago at Méran, in Austrian Tyrol, married a cousin of the present German Emperor; she was, in fact, Princess Adalbert of Prussia.

Here is rather a neat story of the way in which a very shy (or proud) man made a "proposal." He bought a wedding-ring, sent it to "the lady" (whose fingers he knew by heart), and with it inclosed a sheet of note-paper with the brief question: "Does it fit?" By return of post he received the more laconic—though syllabically longer—reply, "Beautifully."

Nobody seems to have noticed the death (on July 31, at a little village in the department of the Oise) of M. Eugène Aumont, uncle of M. Paul Aumont (owner of the sensational French horse Fra Diavolo). Yet M. Eugène Aumont, who was seventy years old at the time of his death, was one of our earliest French antagonists on the turf, having purchased and run the English horse Mr. Wags as early as 1839. He founded the stud which became so formidable in the possession of Comte de Lagrange; but he retired from the turf in consequence of some trouble that arose with Lord Henry Seymour about M. Aumont's Tontine, winner of the French Derby in 1840. It was said that Tontine was really an English filly, called Herodia; so that the French had something very like our "Running-Rein case" (for the matter came before the tribunals) four years before we had ours. Anyhow, Tontine remains "in Coventry" to this day in the French Stud Book.

The Germans are a practical people, and seldom miss the opportunity of turning an honest penny. Even the cholera brings a little grist to their mill, for all travellers from France are obliged to submit to a medical examination before crossing the frontier at Strasburg. The doctors who undertake this office are naturally sons of the soil, and *messieurs les voyageurs* are allowed the privilege of paying them. This is a species of killing two birds with one stone.

Mr. J. R. Keene, an American sportsman, who with a horse named Foxhall won the Ascot Gold Cup, has been unable to exhibit it to his transatlantic friends owing to a difference with the Custom-House authorities. They demand to levy on it as merchandise, and, no arrangement having been come to, the trophy returns to England. It is interesting to note a somewhat similar difficulty in this country as far back as 1634. Rubens had been commissioned to decorate the ceiling of the Banqueting-Hall at Whitehall, and the subject selected was "The Apotheosis of James I." The pictures were completed but not forwarded owing to Charles being unwilling to pay the Custom-House dues. Finally, they arrived in England in October, 1635, but before they started the conscientious artist had them opened to retouch and mend the cracks caused by their being rolled up for a whole year. Fortunately, a gold cup cannot suffer in this way, and it is to be hoped that the Americans may yet enjoy a sight of the token of triumph of their champion steed.

The Empress of Austria is always at Ischl under a very transparent incognito, which is a sort of open secret among the inhabitants. The other day, accompanied by only one lady of honour, she walked to Laufen, and there fell in with two little girls returning from school, to whom she gave bon-bons and florins, while she enjoyed their childish prattle. When they all reached Laufen the Empress said "Good-night" to the little people, and bade them make haste home, whereupon the elder of the two replied, "Good-night, Madame l'Imperatrice." "If you know me, why did you not say so before?" asked the Sovereign; and the child answered, "Madame, I have been taught that in this world one should never know too much." The Empress told her husband, and it is rumoured that the sharp child will not be forgotten.

Mr. Ruskin asks a sweeping question when he inquires, in his latest lecture, why British painters, great or small, are never right altogether—that their work is always flawed, and never thorough? And he answers himself by asserting, under cover of sundry notes of interrogation, that "Hunt can paint a flower but not a cloud; Turner a cloud but not a flower; Bewick a pig but not a girl; and Miss Greenaway a girl but not a pig." And what can the British artist say in self-defence, when he is told that he is content for "his life to be spent at one end of a cigar and his fame to expire at the other," unless he rejoins, that if our great art critic knew, by personal experience, the solace to be derived from smoking the "pernicious weed," he would not say such cutting things about his neighbours?

The American interviewer is a past master in the art of making much of little. One of the fraternity recently sought Mr. Charles Wyndham when changing his costume between two acts, and though told that the moment was most inopportune, contrived to say, "You have had a great success." "Glad to hear it," replied the actor. "Can I see you to-morrow?" asked his tormentor. "Unfortunately I shall start too early," was the answer, and, with an exchange of "Good-nights," each gentleman went his way. It will hardly be believed that this interview occupied a column and a half in one of the next morning's papers.

Wonders never cease. Yachting has become a French sport, in the person of M. E. Blanc, son of the late keeper of the "Tartarus" at Monte Carlo, and keeper—by consequence—of the Prince of Monaco, or, any rate, the chief contributor to that potentate's revenues. M. E. Blanc has lately returned from a perfectly voluntary cruise to Canada in his yacht Nubienne, so called from the filly with which the ex-Prince of Monte Carlo won the Grand Prix de Paris in 1879. If Frenchmen who are not obliged to do it take to the sea and risk the sickness, what good shall our "silver streak" do us? We might as well have the "Channel Tunnel" continued forthwith.

No sense of humour, it appears, led Mr. Doggett, though a comedian, to institute the "Doggett's Coat and Badge" which were rowed for by six "jolly young watermen" on the 1st inst. (the unvarying date unless it fall on a Sunday); but the satisfaction he felt at the Hanoverian succession, which probably has more than most people suppose to do with a boat-race from London Bridge to Chelsea. This year the race was rowed for the one hundred and sixty-ninth time, and the victor rejoiced in the good old waterside name of Phelps, being a member, no doubt, of the family which produced for us an "honest John Phelps" to discern the only dead-heat that ever occurred in the University Boat-Race. Other good names among the winners are T. Cole, senior and junior, D. Coombes, J. Messenger, and J. Tarryer.

People will travel a long way in search of a pleasure that specially delights them. That popular musical enthusiast, the Viscountess Folkestone, has gone, with her daughter, all the way to Bayreuth to hear one performance of Wagner's "Parsifal."

All London, diplomatic and social, will be glad to hear that his Excellency Musurus Bey, though at present representing Turkey at Rome, and fiancé to Mdle. Antoniadès of Alexandria, has selected the British Metropolis as the place of his marriage. Remembering his long and close intimacy with the higher circles of Society here no one will be astonished at his choice. Next to Counts Münster and Karolyi, Musurus Bey is as popular a foreigner as the European Courts have sent us, a fact specially remarkable because he is an Oriental and a Mussulman.

As tokens of honour and esteem, golden caskets and jewelled swords are generally selected by large public bodies to present to successful Generals. No doubt the recipients appreciate the compliments and value the gifts accordingly. But the recognition of public services rendered would be no less if the presentations took a more useful form. The great Duke of Marlborough was given a sword, the handle of which was embellished with precious stones to the value of at least £1300. In the pride of founding a new dukedom his Grace made it a heirloom. One of his successors, however, naturally thought that diamonds would more appropriately decorate his duchess's neck than lie idle in a glass case, and accordingly he sold the jewels and purchased in their place a necklace. This also has been made a heirloom, so that posterity does not suffer, but the transaction might be a hint that valuable presents may as well be selected by the recipients as by the donors when they are openly given in respect of acknowledged national services.

Amongst the Blenheim collection of pictures now under offer to the nation is admittedly the most wonderful specimen in the world of Rubens work. The painting of himself with his second wife, Helen Fourment, and child, is considered by connoisseurs to excel for purity of colour, masterly execution, and the placid atmosphere of calm domesticity that pervades the picture, anything he ever turned out. A millionaire, well known in City circles both for his wealth and love of art, is reported to have offered fifty thousand pounds for the gem.

"How not to do it" must have been the motto of those shining lights of sanitation who last week asserted that the drains and soil-pipes of a dwelling-house in Gray's Inn-passage, "adjoining a dairy," were in good condition, in the very teeth of the fact that no water had been laid on to them during the last eight or ten years. Any ordinary person would imagine that they must have been in a chronic state of block; and speculation as to how many more such hotbeds of cholera would be revealed by a house-to-house visitation is idle. This is a parallel case with a recent suburban one where an official testified that all the drains of a house were trapped, but omitted to mention that all the pipes were broken.

Honolulu must surely be the paradise of teetotalers, for H.M.S. Swiftsure has just been there, accompanied by the Mutine, and reports that public-house licences are at almost prohibitive prices, and ale costs two shillings per pint, while lemon squash and other temperance drinks are cheap and abundant. Under these circumstances leave was freely given to the ships' companies; and during a whole fortnight Jack enjoyed himself ashore very innocently. The presence of the officers was an excuse for dinners, dances, and gaieties galore, and the island was decorously dissipated till the two vessels steamed away for Esquimaux.

A statue of Carrara marble, raised by national subscription to the memory of George Sand, will be unveiled on the 10th at La Châtre. The sculptor, M. Aimé Millet, was at first somewhat puzzled about the dress of the great novelist. She was not a woman who held exactly aloof from the fashions of her day, though she wore a *redingote* and round hat when it suited her purpose. Those who remember the chatelaine of Nohant testify that when in the flesh she donned that most unclassic of garments—a crinoline. This was clearly impossible from an artistic point of view, but luckily some one recalled that in the retirement of her country home she indulged in an Arab gondourah, a species of sacque or *robe de chambre*, all in one piece with three apertures, one for each arm, and one for the head, and this is the garb M. Millet has chosen. The figure is seated on a hillock clothed with plants and flowers; in the right hand is a pen, and in the left a half-open book. The face is a good likeness of Madame Dudevant when about forty years of age. Her *nom de plume* and real names are on the pedestal, with the titles of her principal works. A throng of literary celebrities will be gathered together, but the Académie Française is too old and dignified to be represented on the occasion.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, who has the character of being a severe Judge, has sentenced Daly, on whom dynamite was found, and Egan, who had none in his possession and was by that little the less criminal, to penal servitude for life and for twenty years respectively, after a patient trial at Warwick. Nobody can say that the sentence was too severe, unless exception be taken altogether to their trial and to the verdict delivered against them; but it is awful to contemplate, and it may well be expected to have a deterrent effect upon anybody who can think and realise the living death such a sentence means. Even more deterrent, however, might be the effect of an idea that ought sometimes to occur to the most patriotic and disinterested employers of dynamite: any little spark of sympathy that the public may at some time have felt for them and their cause will be completely extinguished—all over the world—if they go about blowing up innocent people and destroying property wantonly. The patriot, in fact, will come to be regarded as "hostis humani generis," whom it is permissible for anybody to—well, to render innocuous by any possible means.

The late cricket-match between the Australians and the Players of England caused a disgraceful disturbance upon the most unreasonable grounds. For it is always unreasonable to raise objections, much more to proceed to violence, when a man is clearly within his right in what he does; and Mr. Murdoch, captain of the Australians, if indeed it were he who was responsible, was clearly within his right to break off the game for luncheon, though his side wanted only eleven runs to win. What with "maiden overs," what with little disputes and appeals to the umpires, and what with little delays between the dismissal of one batsman, the advent of another, consultations, adjustments, settling of "block," and so on, it often takes a considerable time to make eleven runs. Besides, there had already been signs to show that the misbehaving spectators were simply disgusted at the prowess of the Australians, and that all that was said about "money-grabbing," &c., was mere pretence. Englishmen are fond of boasting about their love of "fair play": such scenes as the late scene at the Oval make it doubtful whether Englishmen have a right to their boast, and the doubt is increased when we remember what was said about the age of Umpire, of Fille de l'Air, and of Gladiateur, when Mr. Ten Broeck and the late Comte de Lagrange first won races on our race-courses.

When Hartmann, the well-known Nihilist, committed suicide a week or two ago, he had parted with everything belonging to him except a silver watch, which had in two ways played an important part in his history. In the autumn of 1879, when he lived with Sophie Perowskaja (who was hung at St. Petersburg in April, 1881) in the little house near the Moscow railway, whence he was excavating a mine under the line, money failed him, and his work must have been stopped had she not persuaded him to pawn his watch. He raised eight roubles on it and completed his undertaking, but, not having any means of knowing the exact time, blew up the train containing the Imperial servants instead of that by which the Czar travelled. That watch was at once the instrument of success and failure.

The project of sending batches of poor children from our crowded cities to spend two or three weeks in the country is not altogether new, but imported from Austria, where for several years public charity has provided *colonies de vacances* in salubrious spots, with the happiest results on the health and physique of the rising generation.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

When you have passed—and well passed—that which the Florentine calls the “*mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*,” you are, as a rule, not very ambitious to make new acquaintances. Most of the old friends whom you knew, and loved, are dead; and when fresh friendships are proffered to you it often happens that you feel rather uncertain as to whether you know quite enough about the fresh acquaintances, or whether they know quite enough about you, for entirely amicable conditions to be established. There are, happily, exceptions to every rule; and I confess to a burning anxiety to be on the friendliest of terms with Mr. James Knowles. How could it be otherwise, when I read in the Parliamentary debates—in connection with the refusal of the authorities in Egypt to permit Mr. Wilfrid Blunt to enter that Debatable Land—the following fascinating sketch of Mr. Knowles as traced by the master-hand of Mr. Gladstone:—

The noble Lord (Lord Randolph Churchill) connects my name with that of Mr. Knowles, and says that I led Mr. Knowles to believe that Mr. Blunt's visit commanded my approval. Now, so far as Mr. Knowles is concerned, I have had some very pleasant intercourse with him; and, under favourable circumstances, I hope to have some more. But Mr. Knowles is editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and is editor from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Whenever you find that Mr. Knowles has had an interview from (with?) Mr. Blunt or from (with?) anyone else, you may rely upon it that the upshot of that interview was (will be?) wholly in the *Nineteenth Century*.

According to the report of the *Times*, these remarks were received with “laughter.” By the Distressed Compiler they were perused with terror, admiration—and Hope. I will seek an interview (so I thought) with this mysteriously puissant Mr. Knowles. I will cast myself at his feet. I will embrace, if necessary, the soles thereof. I will implore that the interview may be prolonged, with the fond aspiration that the upshot of the colloquy may be “wholly in the *Nineteenth Century*.” That is the way to immortality. *Sic itur ad astra*. “See Naples and then die” say the southern Italians; but I say, know Mr Knowles, and then give your stockbroker orders to buy in heavily in Egyptians. A mighty man, Knowles. Did he not write the “*Historie of the Turkes*,” the drama of “*The Hunchback*,” and the comedy of “*The Love Chase*”?

The jubilee of the total abolition of slavery in the British West Indian Colonies was duly celebrated on Friday, the First of August, being the fiftieth anniversary of the Proclamation of the great act of Imperial Conscience when the British Parliament emancipated some eight hundred thousand black thralls, inadequately compensated their late owners with twenty millions sterling, and practically ruined the finest and most prosperous dependencies in the world. The thing had to be done; and the sins of the Jacobian and Caroline slave-traders were heavily visited on the children—that is to say, the subjects of William IV. and Victoria.

At the public meeting in the City (presided over by the Prince of Wales, who delivered an admirable address) there were present the bearers of many names illustrious in the history of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade. The Lord Mayor was also present; and that last-named circumstance afforded another curious illustration of how “the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.” When the motion to bring in a bill for the abolition of the Slave Trade was first made in the House of Commons by William Wilberforce it was opposed by Colonel Tarleton, on the score that the trade had the merit of keeping a number of seamen in readiness for the service of the State. All the members of the City of London were against the motion. Watson declared the Slave Trade to be necessary on account of its connection with our fisheries; and Mr. Grosvenor “admitted that the slave trade was certainly not an amiable trade. Neither was that of the butcher; but yet it was a very necessary one.” O! whirligigs of Time!

Mr. Stanley, in opposing the motion (which was eventually lost by a large majority), observed that “it appeared to him to have been the intention of Providence from the very beginning that one set of men should be slaves to another.” And then the honourable gentleman quoted the opinion, to the same effect, of Dr. Halifax, Bishop of Gloucester. O! whirligigs of Time!

The strangest of statements are occasionally made in the obituary notices of the *Times*, in which, on Aug. 6, I read of an old gentleman named Thomson, who recently died at Stonehaven, at the age of ninety. Mr. Thomson, the necrological notice states, “came of the same race as that which produced the poet Burns.” *Je ne dis pas non*; but what is meant by the curious announcement that “for services rendered so long ago as before the Battle of Waterloo the Government granted Thomson some years ago an honorarium from the funds of Greenwich Hospital”? If the old gentleman was an out-pensioner of the hospital, this is certainly an extraordinarily long-winded way of putting it.

Again, it is stated that Mr. Thomson “accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte to Elba in 1814, and stood sentry over the fallen Emperor at Ponto Ferrajo (*sic*).” Napoleon, as most people know, did not go to Elba as a prisoner, but as the independent Sovereign of that island. On his embarking on board the British frigate *Undaunted* at Frejus, he was received with a royal salute of twenty-one guns. Before landing at Porto Ferrajo Napoleon requested that a party of English marines should accompany him on shore. To this request Captain Usher, of the *Undaunted*, acceded; but the original intention was altered; and only an officer of marines with two sergeants to act as orderlies were sent. No British soldier “stood sentry over the fallen Emperor”; but at his own instant demand (he dreaded assassination) a British sergeant and the Emperor's own valet de chambre slept on mattresses outside the door of the Imperial bed-chamber. All which, and much more that is as veracious as it is interesting, you may read in Sir Neil Campbell's

“*Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba in 1814*” (London, John Murray, 1869).

Sir Neil, as Colonel Campbell, was the British Commissioner appointed to accompany Bonaparte to Elba. The officer with his arm in a sling in the famous picture of “*Les Adieux de Fontainebleau*” is Colonel Campbell, who has left us, besides, a very brief but striking word-picture of Napoleon, which I commend to the attention of Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. Ernest Crofts, Mr. Orchardson, and other illustrators of the Napoleonic legend.

I saw before me a short, active-looking man, who was rapidly pacing the length of his apartment, like some wild animal in his cell. He was dressed in an old green uniform and gold epaulettes, blue pantaloons, and red top-boots; unshaven, uncombed, with the fallen particles of snuff scattered profusely over his upper lip and breast.

A Napoleon in blue pantaloons and red top-boots would be a novelty on canvas.

Mem.: The curious obituary notice of the patriarchal Mr. Thomson concludes with the statement that “he entered the harbour of Toulon with Charles Napier, when the fleet was fired upon by the *Château d'If*.” But I thought that the *Château d'If* was at Marseilles.

The Editor of the “*Warehousemen and Drapers' Journal*” has been so kind as to inform me that a “dissecting clerk” in a drapery establishment is simply a person whose duty it is to “dissect” or analyse and classify sales made over the counter, for the purpose of showing the profit or loss made by each department. He adds that “a good dissecting clerk is a valuable servant.” Yes; but why is not this explanation given in the “*Drapers' Dictionary*,” which merely vouchsafes the definition and the Latin derivation of the verb to dissect?

I anticipated that at least a dozen drapers would come forward to explain the functions of a “dissecting clerk,” and more than twenty have done so. The worst of the matter is, that my friendly correspondents explain too much, and I am unable to quote in detail the information with which they favour me. I must find space, however, for an observation of a Glasgow correspondent (“D. M. G.”) who says that the “dissector has to make allowances for interest on invoices not passed back in time for ‘cash day,’ and credit every department with the discounts allowed. The work is anything but easy. He has a perpetual time of squabbling with buyers (i.e., the buyers for the firm) in order to keep his records up to date, and ready for presentation to the ‘governor.’”

There has been a “Conference” at Willis's Rooms, with the venerable Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair, of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association; and in connection with this conference the estimable Duke of Westminster, who is always endeavouring to do good in one direction or another, has written what I cannot help thinking to be an injudicious letter to the papers, in which his Grace is good enough to tell us that “the long established funeral and mourning observances prevalent in this country have helped to create a mistaken idea of death.” Dear me! Does his Grace know anything more about Death than Dolly the cook-maid does? I sincerely wish that the Duke and the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and the other noble and reverend promoters of an impertinent, and uncalled for movement would mind their own business, which is clearly not to interfere between the public and the undertakers. “It is as natural to die as to be born,” wrote one of the greatest of English divines; and it is as natural to wish to have a comely funeral as a comely christening or a comely marriage. How we should be buried is a matter that should be left entirely to our own discretion or that of our widows or executors. I have said so before in this page, and mean to say so again, whenever the noble and reverend busybodies try to dictate to the public how funerals should be performed. If those uneasy philanthropists must trouble themselves about coffins, let them endeavour to exert their influence with the metropolitan vestries and persuade those bodies to accord to deceased paupers more decent funerals than are ordinarily bestowed those unfortunates.

Touching the “memorable balcony in Piccadilly” and Sir Francis Burdett, “W. W.” (Folkestone) writes: “You are perfectly right. The house next to the present residence of the Baroness Burdett-Countess is the house in which Sir Francis Burdett lived for many years, and from the balcony of which he addressed the populace on the occasion you mention.” My correspondent's father was on duty in Piccadilly, with his regiment, the Tenth Hussars, when the Burdett *émeute* took place. Another correspondent (“Constant Reader”) was actually present on the momentous occasion mentioned, and “recollects perfectly the riot in front of the house and the surging mob. There was then no gate into the Green Park opposite Berkeley-street, as there now is, which made it difficult to get clear of the soldiers; and many people were hurt in their endeavours to escape.” According to my long-memoried correspondent, Sir Francis Burdett's residence, next door to Mr. Thomas Coutts's mansion, No. 1, Stratton-street, was a house of lower elevation, with two windows on each side of the door.

I rejoice to learn that the King of Roumania has conferred the dignity of Commander of the Order of the Roumanian Crown, instituted by his Majesty on the day of his Coronation, on my esteemed colleague and valued friend Mr. William Beatty Kingston. According to the *World*, the diploma and insignia of the Order were transmitted to the distinguished journalist by Prince Jön Ghika, the Roumanian Minister in London, who brought them in *propria persona* to Mr. Kingston. Warmly congratulating my friend on the signal honour conferred upon him, I may discreetly hint that I have not myself any desire to be decorated with the Order of Anything; but that if (say) the Bosnian Beys, or the Vaivode of Elecampania, or the Kaimakan of Bessarabia, or the Hospodar of Heraclia, or the Tetrarch of Anatolia, has any half-crowns to spare they can be sent on, and will be

taken the greatest care of. You have no idea of the scarcity of half-crowns in the parish of St. Pancras—always in consequence of the heavy School-Board rates and the greengrocer. I am going (D.V.) in January, 1885, to Australia, to deliver a course of lectures on “*Life as I have Seen it*”; and if I find any stray half-crowns on the Australian continent or in Tasmania or in New Zealand I shall treasure them, on my return, as rare and precious specimens.

Reverting for a moment to South-Eastern Europe, I have to tender my sincere apologies to some British residents of Galata, Constantinople, who, through their spokesman, “A. F. N.,” asked me for information touching English schools to which they could send their boys. The letter remained unanswered, for the simple reason that I am physically unable to reply to at least a fourth of the “Echo” letters sent to me. I do my best as a respondent; but that, obviously, is not much. My Galata friends have written again, and not angrily, repeating their application. “We have been residing in this city,” says “A. F. N.,” “for nearly twenty years; we do not know where the best and most efficient educational establishments for boys are to be found, especially in the South of England, in consideration of climate, after this country. Should this question be within your province, we shall feel ever grateful for an extra ‘Echo’ on the subject.” The best that I can do for my Galata correspondents is to advise them to write to Captain de Carteret Bisson, M.A., Berners-chambers, London, W. It is his business to know all about schools and colleges in town and country, and suited to all means.

I note the somewhat sudden death, at his residence near Petersfield, of Mr. John Delaware Lewis, M.A. and formerly M.P. for Devonport, and an old and esteemed member of the Reform Club. The *Times* obituary scarcely does the deceased gentleman justice. It recites that he was educated at Eton and Cambridge; that he was a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, a magistrate for Devon and Hants, and formerly a Lieutenant in the Pembroke Artillery Militia. But was not Mr. John Delaware Lewis something else? Do we not owe to a scholar as brilliant as he was accurate a literal English prose translation of the *Satires of Juvenal*? And is not that translation crisp, nervous, vigorous, and faithful?

Miss Hannah M.—, aged fourteen, writes me from “Tirzah, Tweed River, New South Wales,” to say that she noticed in the “Echoes” that I made the statement that there were only four words in the English language ending in “dous.” No, Miss Hannah, I never made such a statement; for the reason that my acquaintance with the English language (or any other language) is very limited. The statement or rather the inquiry as to the number of English words ending in “dous” was made by a lady correspondent in Scotland. There are in reality four such words: “stupendous,” “tremendous,” “hazardous,” and “jeopardous”—the last a word very seldom used. Miss Hannah has found out some more words ending in “dous”—“nitidous,” “iodous,” and so forth. I could supply her with many other words of the same mintage. They are not English words properly so called. They are terms of technology coined by chemists, “enumerators of foreign weeds,” and other scientific persons, and pitchforked into modern English lexicons by wordmongers, who then proceed to blow trumpets and drub drums and exclaim, “See how much bigger Our Dictionary is than the Dictionary which was published a year and a half ago. Buy Our Dictionary. It is so very big.”

“The Hasty Pudding Club.” Thanks to “J. K. M.” (Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.), who thinks that the Harvard College Club in question was founded by the class of 1796, and that Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, was its first President. Horace Binney became a jurist of high eminence; and many Americans of mark have been members of the H.P.C. My Philadelphian correspondent adds—

No doubt the original cause of its existence was the meagreness of the college commons; and its selection of boiled Indian corn-meal as a staple article of food was probably owing to the meagre furnishing of the students' pockets. At present the H.P.C. has only social ends in view. It usually contains about forty members, selected by vote, nine at a time, from the junior class. It has pleasant club-rooms, a reading-room, a library, and a theatre, close to the college grounds, and devotes most of its corporate energy to the production of three plays yearly. Two of these are generally of the type of Byron's burlesques. *The club forbids all alcoholic refreshments on its premises; but the little theatre is always filled with smoke.*

“Bully” for the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard!

In the report of the tremendous verbal “scrimmage” in the French Congress on the Revision of the Constitution an excited deputy, M. Bourgeois, exclaimed, “One would fancy that this Palace of Versailles was one of Anne Radcliffe's mysterious palaces. We go on from surprise to surprise.” We do indeed. I was aware that the lively Gaul was familiar with the novels of Miss Braddon. I have read a French translation of “*Henry Dunbar*” as, I think, “*Les Réprouvés*”; but it is strange to learn that the romances of “Anne Radcliffe” are still popular among our neighbours. I looked into the “*Mysteries of Udolpho*” the other day—I had not read the book, I am confident, for more than thirty years—and I found the Udolphian mysteries only mildly horrifying—scarcely equalling, indeed, Nepaul pepper in comparison with the Cayenne which I expected.

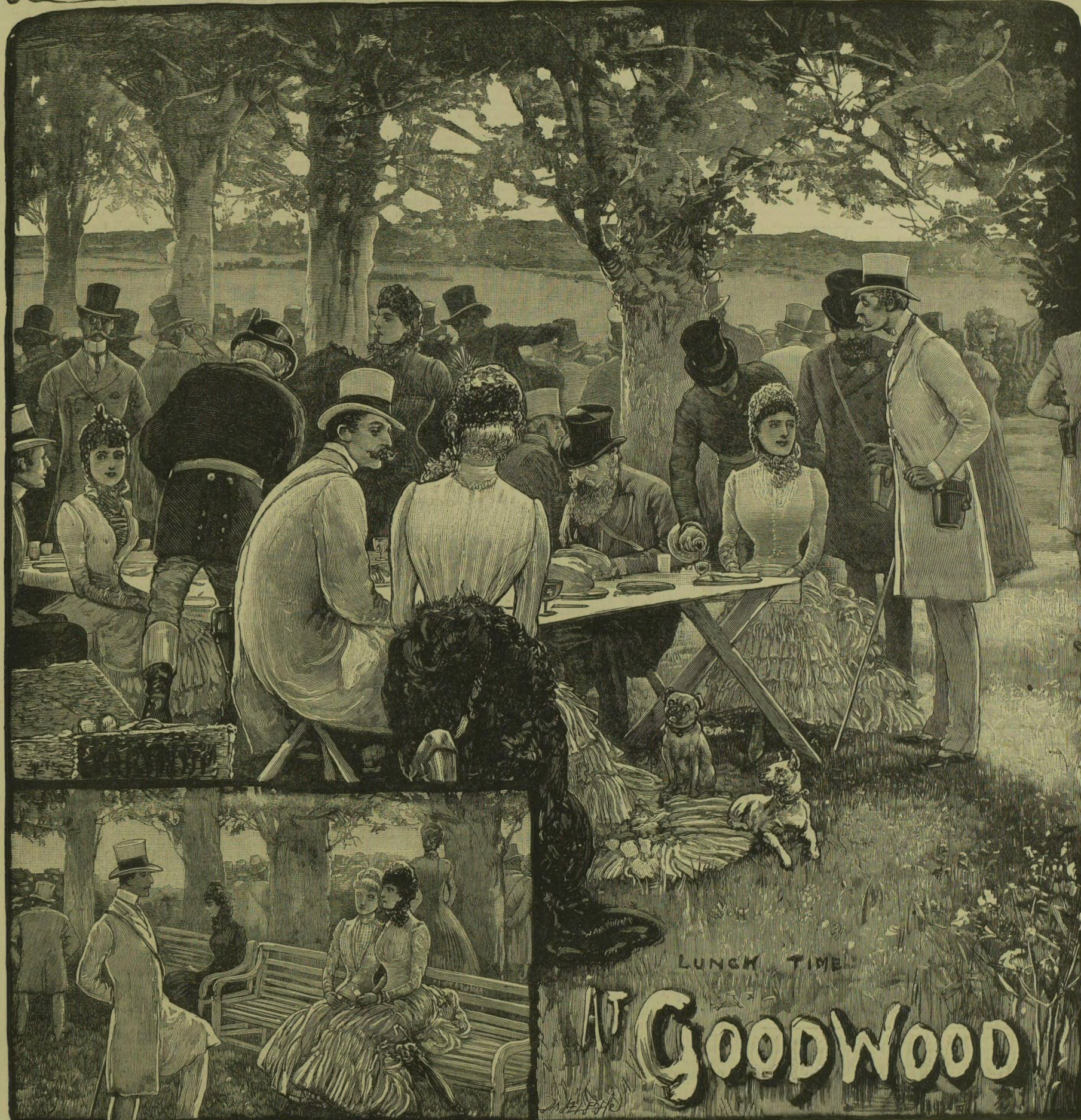
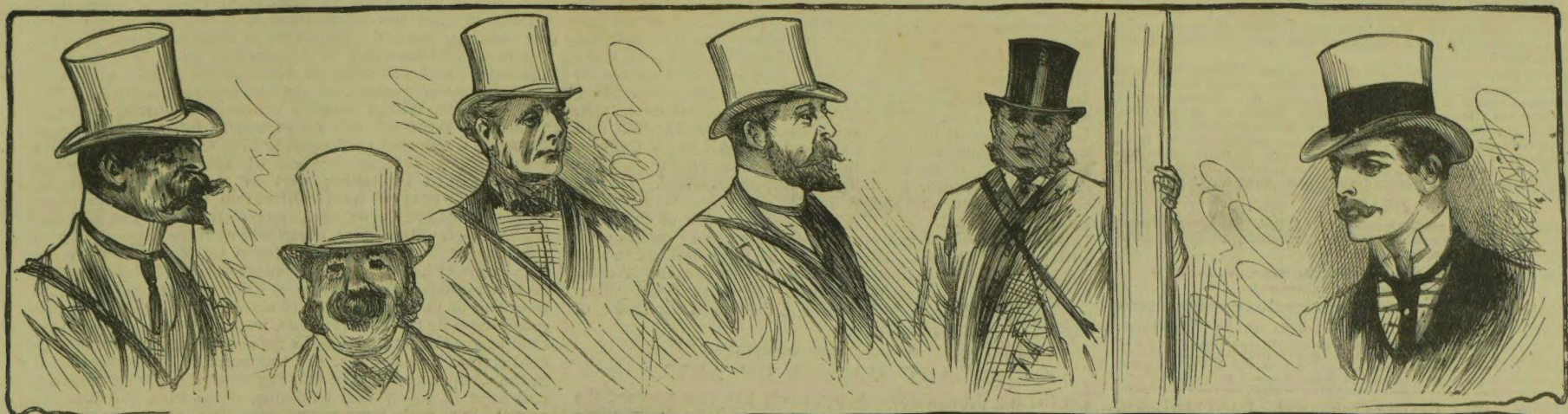
“Sir,” writes “T. G. C.” (Buckfastleigh), “can you tell me what red tape is, and how it came to mean what it means?” Well, red tape is tape that is of a red colour, and, figuratively, it typifies excessive official formality and routine; over-punctilious, meticulous, unintelligent bureaucracy. A “red-tapist,” according to Ogilvie and Annandale, is “one employed in a public office who ties up his papers with red tape.” Lord Lytton speaks somewhere of “pompous red-tapists.” Mr. Thackeray was consistently hard on the “Tape and Sealing Wax Department.” Where or when the term originated I am not certain; but I should not be at all surprised to find it in Cobbett. When next I take a course of the “*Register*,” or of “*Twopenny Trash*,” I will keep a sharp look out for “red tape.” G. A. S.



1. Bamfborough Castle, from the south, with Holy Isle in the distance.
4. Bamfborough Castle, from the north, with the Ferne Light in the distance.

2. Lilburne's Tower, Dunstanborough.
5. The Old Clock Tower, Bamfborough Castle.

3. Dunstanborough Castle, looking north.
6. Boats of North Northumberland.



The race-meeting in Goodwood Park, which took place last week according to yearly custom, may not have been so important as the connoisseurs of "National Sports" could have wished from their special point of view. But it was a pleasant social gathering of fashion and gaiety, and was rendered all the more agreeable by the presence of a very large assemblage of ladies, attired in the very latest devices of dress which are esteemed the crowning glory of the London season. The Prince and Princess of Wales, to the gratification of everybody, accompanied the Imperial Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their children, on the balcony of Goodwood

House overlooking the beautiful lawn. Their Royal Highnesses still wore slight tokens of mourning, the Princess appearing in a black dress over a skirt of black and white stripes, with a light drab bonnet. The King of Sweden and Norway, happily freed, by a wise and just concession, from his late political difficulty with the Norwegian Parliament, was a welcome guest at Goodwood. Some portraits of well-known patrons of these favourite sports are placed at the top of our page of Engravings. The Prince was obliged to return to London early on the Cup Day, not choosing to sacrifice the duties of public business to pleasure. It was, however, a

delightful scene for those who stayed. As the sky was bright and the sun warm, the shadow of the trees on the lawn was exceedingly grateful, especially at luncheon time. The end space was handsomely fitted by the transverse spread of the Naval Dépôt, with the épergne of the mess in the centre, and with a detachment of Jack Tars in spotless white, to serve as retainers at the feast. While luncheon was going on briskly under the leafy boughs, and on the drags just outside the railings, all the talents of the race-course vied in efforts of varied amusement. Mirth and music, with champagne and the other "sweets of life," combined to form the open-air entertainment.

MARRIAGES.

On the 26th ult., by special license, at the Oratory, South Kensington, by the Very Rev. Canon Wallwork, of Grent Crosby, Liverpool, assisted by the Rev. Father McCall, George Henry Dodsworth, surgeon, Ivy Bank, Uttroter, North Staffordshire, youngest son of the late F. C. Dodsworth, Esq., The Lawn, Chiswick, to Lucy, youngest daughter of the late John Taylor, Esq., Standish Hall, near Wigan, and Mrs. Taylor, Waverley House, Great Crosby, near Liverpool.

On the 29th ult., at St. Catherine's, Staverton, near Cheltenham, by the Rev. William Alexander Aytton, Vicar of Chacombe, assisted by the Rev. B. C. Littlewood, cousin of the bridegroom, and the Rev. Thomas Purnell, Vicar of Staverton, George Augustus Henry Waite, of Breadalbane, Queensland, J. P., eldest surviving son of the late George Derby Waite, of Old Burlington-street, M.R.C.S.E., to Robina Augusta Stephenson Ross, second daughter of the late Alexander McKenzie Ross, of Ladbroke-gardens, C.E., and great-grand-daughter of the late Rev. David Ross, of Burntisland, Fifeshire. Scotch and colonial papers please copy.

DEATH.

On the 3rd inst., at his mother's residence, 82, Eccleston-square, Arthur Basil Brooke, youngest son of the late Sir Arthur Brinsley Brooke, Bart., of Colebrook Park, County Fermanagh, Ireland.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

BRIGHTON.—Cheap Day Tickets every Weekday. From Victoria 10.6 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Am. Circular and Royal Victoria. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE.—Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge, Weekdays 10.10 a.m., and Sundays 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon. From Victoria, Weekdays 9.55 a.m., and Sundays 9.20 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

From Kensington (Addison-road), Weekdays 9.40 a.m., and Sundays 9.10 a.m. Fares, 15s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEK DAY AS UNDER:—			
Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris.	
Saturday, Aug. 9 Dep. 8.10 a.m.	Dep. 8.20 a.m.	Arr. 6.40 p.m.	
Monday, " 11 " 8.45 " "	" 8.50 " "	" 6.40 " "	
Tuesday, " 12 " 8.45 " "	" 8.50 " "	" 6.40 " "	
Wednesday, " 13 " 10.5 " "	" 10.15 " "	" 7.40 " "	
Thursday, " 14 " 10.5 " "	" 10.15 " "	" 7.40 " "	
Friday, " 15 " 11.30 " "	" 11.35 " "	" 9.15 " "	
EXPRESS NIGHT SERVICE.—From Victoria, 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge, 8.0 p.m., every Weekday and Sunday.			
FARES.—London to Paris and Back. 1st Class, £2 15s. 6d. 2nd Class, £1 19s. 6d.			
Available for Return within One Month. 1st Class, £2 15s. 6d. 2nd Class, £1 19s. 6d.			
Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.			
The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between St. Germain and Dieppe frequently in about 34 hours.			
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.			
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.			

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Lodge-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An

IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. TOURIST TICKETS, valid on FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class), are ISSUED by all Trains. Tourist Tickets are also issued from Liverpool-street by the New Route to Scarborough, Fliley, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland. A Cheap Day Trip to the Seaside, by Excursion-Train from Liverpool-street to Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Harwich, every Sunday at 8.40 a.m., and every Monday at 7 a.m., calling at St. Andrew, Bares, &c., &c. For full particulars see Bills and the Company's Time Book. London, August, 1884. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated conveyance

of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 94 hours; to Cologne, 15 hours; to Berlin, 26 hours; to Vienna, 39 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gothard, 55 hours; and to every great City on the Continent. Also to the East, via Brindisi. Single and Return THROUGH TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 56lb. of Luggage gratis on board of the mails. BEDS against SEA-SICKNESS. Refreshment and dining rooms. Private Cabins. Stewardesses, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL MAIL, and Express-trains. Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars. Agencies at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, Montagne de la Cour, 90a; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c. Daily conveyance of ordinary and specie parcels.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The

most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy. Excursions to the Rigi, by the Mountain Railway from Arth Station, of the St. Gothard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages, gas-lighted, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations, and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Caygill's Offices.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the sanitary condition of this town has never been better than at present. It is perfectly free from sickness owing to its sanitary arrangements. There has been NO EPIDEMIC for several years. There is none at present, except it be the Epidemic of HEALTH, from which only the doctors are the sufferers. These facts are officially certified as under by the Mayor of Boulogne.

BOULOGNE CASINO.

This Establishment has been entirely reconstructed, and is one of the finest in France. Concerts daily in the gardens of the establishment. Operatic and other performances in the magnificent new Theatre. Balls, Reunions, Grand Restaurant and Café unsurpassed. Reading-Rooms, with all the leading English and foreign Journals. Club-Room, and all the attractions of European Grand Casinos. Splendid Sea Bathing and Sands. Sea Water Swimming-Baths, Hot Baths, Douches, &c. Pigeon-shooting, Regattas, Races, Grand Cercle des Bains. Lawn-Tennis.

BOULOGNE, FOUR HOURS FROM LONDON. Several Hotels of first-rate excellence, and Hotels, Pensions, and Apartments to suit all pockets.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

I CERTIFY that NO EPIDEMIC EXISTS, nor has existed in this city for several years, and that in consequence of important ameliorations in the sanitary arrangements, Boulogne is one of the healthiest towns on the Continent. Doctor Orion, the Medical Officer of Epidemics, also certifies that the public health was never better than at present. (Signed) JULES BAUDELOQUE, Mayor.

HEALTH OF GENEVA (Switzerland).—In consequence

of erroneous and prejudicial rumours that have been circulated respecting the Sanitary State of Geneva, the Government of Geneva deem it their duty to declare:—Firstly.—That GENEVA is absolutely free from Cholera. Secondly.—That no quarantine is imposed on travellers arriving at GENEVA. GENEVA, July 26, 1884. In the name of the Council of State of the Republic and Canton of Geneva. The President, A. GAVARD. In the name of the Corporation of the City of Geneva. The President, E. EMPETTA.

TWINS.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. A. Conover. An eccentric Comedy, in Three Acts, by Joseph Derrick, Author of "Confusion," EVERY EVENING, at Nine. Preceded, at Eight, by CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING. Characters by Messrs. Edward Righton, H. H. Vincent, E. D. Lyons, Fred Desmond, H. Akhurst, J. G. Wilton, L. Cantley, J. W. Bradbury; Mesdames Emma Birt, Eliza Ridd, E. Hope, Rosier, and Carlotta Leclercq. New Scenery by Messrs. Perkins and Strong. Box Office open. Tickets till Five. General Manager and Stage Manager, Mr. Philip Beck. Doors open at 7.30.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—TWELFTH NIGHT, EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Malvolio, Mr. Henry Irving; Viola, Miss Marion Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Physician in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTEEN. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Company, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' New Programme, performed for the first time on Monday last.

A STERLING SUCCESS. ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION of the inimitable comedian, MR. G. W. MOORE, after an absence of four months. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERT'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great Picture, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 32, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily, 1s.

THE NEW HEAD-MASTER OF ETON.

The Rev. Edmond Warre, M.A., of Balliol and All Souls' Colleges, Oxford, Assistant-Master at Eton, was last week elected Head-Master of the College, and was formally admitted to the office by the Governing Body. He is a son of the late Mr. Henry Warre, of Bindon, Somerset, and was born on Feb. 12, 1837. He was educated at Eton, where he obtained the Newcastle Scholarship in 1854, and proceeded thence to Balliol College, Oxford, where he obtained an open scholarship, and was first-class in the examination for moderations in 1856. He was first-class in the Final Classical School in 1859, and was in that year elected to a fellowship at All Souls' College. He has held, since 1860, an assistant-mastership at Eton under Dr. Goodford, Dr. Balston, and Dr. Hornby. He was ordained deacon and priest in 1867, by Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. Mr. Warre is Commandant of the Eton College Rifle Volunteers, and is well known as an enthusiastic advocate of athletics. He is author of the handbook to that subject officially published by the International Health Exhibition. He married, in 1861, Florence Dora, eldest surviving daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Charles St. Lo Malet, of Little Fontmell House, Dorset.

A LADY MASTER OF ARTS.

For the first time in this country, a lady has just attained the degree of Master of Arts. This lady is Miss Mary Clara Dawes, daughter of the Rev. John S. Dawes, D.D., of Surbiton. She passed the Matriculation Examination of London University in January, 1879, and was placed in the Honours Division. In June of that year she passed the Intermediate B.A. examination, and gained the second Gilchrist Exhibition, taking honours in German. In the same year she obtained the Clothworkers' Scholarship for Girton College, Cambridge, where she entered in October, 1879. At the end of the usual academic term of three years, she passed the Classical Tripos in honours. After her Cambridge course she resumed her studies for the London University at Bedford College, London, and in 1883, at the final B.A. examination, gained honours in Classics and German, with the first place in the second class in each subject. At the examination just concluded she is placed fourth in the list of the Masters of Arts of the year who have taken the degree in the first branch of the examination—that is in Classics, with Ancient and Modern History. The two other branches are Mathematics, with Natural Philosophy, and Mental and Moral Philosophy, with Political Economy. Since the admission of female students to the degrees of London University, about fifty have obtained that of B.A., three have become Bachelors of Medicine, eight Bachelors of Science, and one Doctor of Science, Mrs. Bryant, whose Portrait we gave not long ago. Some hundreds have passed the matriculation examination.

MADAME KOWALEVSKI.

This lady, a native of Russia, is a celebrated mathematician, who lectured last winter at the University of Stockholm, and who has just been appointed Professor of Mathematics at that University. We believe that this is the first time, since the Middle Ages (in Italy), that a woman has been appointed to an academical chair at any University in Europe. Sweden is a country where much interest has been felt in the claims of the fair sex to a full opportunity of acquiring and exercising intellectual accomplishments. The position now conceded to Madame Kowalevski is worthy of notice as a sign of the times, and will be observed with gratification by many English friends and advocates of higher education for women.

THE LONDON STATUE OF BURNS.

The bronze statue of Robert Burns, a copy of that at Dundee, by Sir John Steell, R.S.A., of Edinburgh, which Mr. John Gordon Crawford has munificently presented to London, was unveiled on the Thames Embankment by the Earl of Rosebery, on Saturday, the 26th ult. His Lordship made a tasteful and elegant speech; and Professor Dewar, chairman of the committee, Sir Lyon Playfair, Lord Houghton, Mr. Anderson, M.P., Mr. T. Faed, R.A., and Mr. Rae Brown, took part in the proceedings. Two grand-daughters of Burns were present. We give an illustration of the statue, which stands in the gardens in front of the Adelphi-terrace. It represents the poet in a sitting posture, with pen in hand and meditative gaze. On a granite pedestal is the inscription—"Robert Burns, 1759—1796. 'The poetic genius of my country found me at the plough and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she inspired.' " The Prince of Wales had been first asked to unveil the statue, and his secretary had written expressing the Prince's admiration for the works of Burns, and his regret that he was unable to undertake this "duty in connection with the illustrious Scotchman." The pedestal of this statue is composed of four blocks of polished red Aberdeen granite, supplied by Messrs. Alexander Macdonald and Co., of Euston-road, London.

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

This picture, by Mr. Harry Thompson, was in the late Exhibition at the Paris Salon, and was much admired. The landscape may probably have been suggested by some French seacoast scene; and the old shepherd, in his cap and cloak, with a stick in his hand, and followed by his faithful dog, is such a rustic figure as may often be met in the western provinces of that country. The sheep, which occupy a more prominent place in the picture, are drawn with great truth to nature, and their attitudes are very characteristic of that animal. The details of foliage and herbage are rendered with equal fidelity; and it is only when one looks up, and sees the crucifix aloft fixed against a branch of the tree, that one is startled by an unusual incident or feature in this idyllic presentment of rural life and scenery. The artist may be congratulated upon a very successful composition of its kind.

The Government have consented to contribute £300 towards the Nisero Fund.

Among the Illustrations of the International Health Exhibition, which entirely filled the last week's Number of this Journal, was one of a class of "Gymnastics for Girls," showing a number of young ladies marching rhythmically and wielding dumb-bells at the command of their instructor. It ought to have been explained that they were the class under the tuition of Miss James, of Burleigh House, Stamford Hill, and of Stoke Newington; who was herself, we believe, a pupil of Miss Chreiman (20, Gwendwr-road, West Kensington), the author of a system highly approved by eminent physicians and sanitary reformers attentive to the physical training of womanhood. Miss Chreiman has classes in the Kensington Townhall and the Hampstead Vestry Hall, at the Crystal Palace Hotel, Upper Norwood, and in other suburbs of London, as well as at Brighton.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND COAST.

The neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the Royal Archaeological Institute holds its Congress during this week and part of next week, presents many places of great antiquarian interest and much romantic scenery, to be visited by the excursion parties. They were at Warkworth and Alnwick Castle on Wednesday; at Lindisfarne or Holy Island on Thursday; and yesterday at Bamborough Castle, of which, and of Dunstanborough, we present some Illustrations. The readers of Mr. Walter Besant's charming historical romance, "Dorothy Forster," will be especially interested in Bamborough, which really belonged in 1715 to the brother of that young lady, Thomas Forster, of Ethelston; and, when he was ruined by taking part in the Jacobite rebellion, this manor was saved from confiscation through its purchase by his uncle Lord Crewe, the Bishop of Durham. The Forsters, whose true family history, associated with the tragical fate of the Earl of Derwentwater, is taken by Mr. Besant for the foundation of his story, were descended from Sir John Forster, of Bamborough Abbey, in Queen Elizabeth's reign appointed Governor of this old Castle. It stands on a rock of the seacoast, opposite the Ferne Islands, nearly 150 ft. above the sea-level at low tide, on the site of a far more ancient Saxon stronghold erected by King Ida, the conqueror of Northumberland, in the sixth century. The existing structure, part of which is still kept in repair and habitable, dates from the Norman period, but with later additions. The only way of approach is by the gateway on the south side, which is shown in the first of our Sketches, with the round towers on each side of the gate. The Keep, which appears more conspicuously in the other view, from the north side, is a lofty square building, with walls 11 ft. and 9 ft. thick, of the time of the Norman Conquest. The trustees of Lord Crewe's charitable bequest keep some apartments of this Castle prepared for the reception of shipwrecked sailors or fishermen, and there are life-boats and other appliances for saving men from shipwreck. The clock tower is another remarkable feature of Bamborough represented among our Illustrations. It is near the Belford station of the North-Eastern Railway, and passengers by train can plainly see both the Castle and the neighbouring islands. On the same coast are the ruins of Dunstanborough Castle, with Lilburne's Tower, overlooking the sea, which here, in rough weather, breaks with a terrific noise through an opening in the rocks called Rumble Churn. This fortress belonged to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, a younger son of Henry III. The members of the Archaeological Institute would, of course, inspect the remains of the famous monastery at Lindisfarne. On Monday next they go to Hexham, and thence to examine the great Roman military rampart, with its forts and towns, such as Cilurnum, in Chesters Park, near Chollerford, and Borcovicus, at a place now called Housesteads, on the Northumberland moors. They will also visit Aydon Castle, Bywell, and Prudhoe, on the Tyne, Jarrow, Monkwearmouth, and Tynemouth Castle. On Wednesday next they go to Durham. We shall give some further Illustrations, including one of the Cathedral Church of Newcastle.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this Institution held on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards were granted to the crews of life-boats for services rendered during the past month, and a gratuity was awarded to the crew of a shore-boat for saving life on the coast. Payments amounting to £2817 were made on the 279 life-boat establishments of the Institution. Among the contributions lately received were £650 from Miss Howis, of Tulse-hill, to provide a life-boat to be named the Emma Frisby, after her late sister; £650 from R. W. Hollon, Esq., of York, to defray the cost of the Filey new life-boat, the Hollon; £300 from the Dramatic Club of the Honourable Artillery Company, on account of the Walton-on-the-Naze life-boat; £100 from the Ancient Order of Foresters, being their annual subscription towards the support of their two life-boats; and £114 from the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, on behalf of the Good Shepherd life-boat. New life-boats have been sent by the Institution during the past month to New Brighton, Holy Island, Middlesborough, and Bull Bay (Anglesea). Reports were read from the Chief Inspector and four of the District Inspectors on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

At the annual meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, held recently at the offices, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, it was stated that the total amount of grants during the year had been £6631, while the annual subscriptions were £200 more than in any previous year.

At a private meeting of the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations on Thursday week Lord Randolph Churchill, the retiring chairman, who presided, moved that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach be elected chairman of the council for the ensuing year. His Lordship made no reference to matters which have recently excited considerable interest regarding his own relations to the recognised leaders of the Opposition, and merely remarked that he thought the election of the hon. Baronet would, no doubt, prove for the good of the party. The motion was unanimously agreed to; so also was a subsequent motion re-electing Mr. J. E. Gorst, Q.C., M.P., and electing Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., and Mr. Akers-Douglas, M.P., as vice-chairmen. In the evening Lord Randolph Churchill and members of the council dined with Lord Salisbury.

The twenty-eighth meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science will be held in Birmingham, from Sept. 17 to 24 next, under the presidency of Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P. The jurisprudence and amendment of law department will be presided over by Mr. John Westlake, Q.C., the international and municipal law sections being also under his direction; the repression of crime section will have Mr. J. S. Dugdale, Q.C., Recorder of Birmingham, as its chairman. Mr. Oscar Browning, M.A., will preside over the education department; Mr. Norman Chevers, M.D., over the health department; and the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., over the art department. The president of the economy and trade department has not yet been appointed. The inaugural address of the president will be given on Wednesday evening, Sept. 17, and the addresses of the presidents of the different departments on the mornings of each day afterwards.

A great meeting was held at the Guildhall yesterday week to celebrate the jubilee of the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies. The Prince of Wales presided, and in an eloquent speech passed in review the work that had been done by the Anti-Slavery Society during the past half century, and pointed to the labours they had still to perform. The meeting was also addressed by Earl Granville, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Derby, Cardinal Manning, Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P.; Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P.; Sir T. F. Buxton, M.P.; the Lord Mayor, M.P.; Mr. A. Pease, M.P.; Alderman Sir W. M'Arthur, M.P., and others; and resolutions expressing gratitude for the past and pledging the meeting to support the Anti-Slavery Society in its efforts to urge the Governments of all slave-holding countries to put an end to slavery were unanimously passed.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE PICTURE BY HARRY THOMPSON, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1884.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Was it not Theodore Hook who once told a story of a guest at an English country house who was greatly delighted with the richness and savouriness of the mock turtle soup which on the first day of his arrival ushered in the dinner, but whose satisfaction was subsequently sadly modified? There was mock turtle the next day and the next, and, indeed, throughout the week; but each evening the *potage* was found to be thinner and less savoury. The guest took the liberty of asking the butler, who was an old ally of his, the reason for this continuous deterioration. "Why, Sir," replied the candid servitor, "it's like this. Master only brought down one tin of preserved mock turtle from London. He didn't expect quite so many friends to stay on through the week; so, after Tuesday, we were obliged to stretch the soup a little." The process of "stretching," as explained by the candid butler, meant the dilution of the waning mock turtle with harmless hot water. Following this innocent precedent, Mr. F. C. Burnand's extremely farcical burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan," which was found so exactly suitable to the capacity of the tiny Royalty Theatre, under the management of the late Miss Martha Oliver, some eighteen years ago, has been "stretched" to meet the requirements of the vast Alhambra; but here, it must be granted, the parallel with Theodore Hood's mock turtle ceases; since "The latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan," produced at the Alhambra on Saturday, Aug. 2, in no way suffers from the expansion to which it has been subjected. Mr. Burnand can say with the anacreontic poet in Hood's ballad whose gradual increase in size and weight so alarmed his fellow-passengers in the boat "I was Little; now I'm Mo(o)re." Mr. Arthur Roberts's Captain Crosstree is as droll, although not so exuberantly inebriated as the Captain Crosstree of the lamented Mr. Dewar; Miss Mulholland is a most sprightly and graceful Susan; Miss Leamar is a vivacious Dolly Mayflower; Mr. George Mudie a capital Doggrass; while Mr. Danvers sustains his original part as Dame Hatley. The extravaganza has been "stretched" into three acts, and, interspersed with Alhambra ballets and groupings, makes a very merry and brilliant spectacle indeed; the mounting and the melody and orchestration of the piece reflecting the highest credit on Mr. William Holland, the manager, and M. Jacobi, the musical director, respectively.

At the Gaiety there was a brilliant afternoon gathering on Saturday, Aug. 2, to witness the performance of Mr. Hermann Vezin's "Little Viscount," an adaptation from the French of MM. Bayard and Dumanoir. The hero-heroine, the Vicomte de Letorrières, was played by Miss Kate Vaughan. This lady is highly to be commended for her endeavours to take her art *au sérieux*, and to show that she can do a great deal more than float gracefully in wonderfully laced skirts through a Gaiety burlesque. Refined, sympathetic, and winning she must needs be in every part which she assumes; and she made a favourable if not an entirely commanding impression on her auditors as The Little Viscount, which, by-the-way, was created for, and was a favourite part with, the famous Déjazet.

Mr. Joseph Derrick has scarcely improved his reputation as a dramatist by the production of "Twins," the new farce in three acts at the Olympic. The author of the exuberantly-droll and funny Vaudeville comedy of "Confusion" should have presented the public with something far more finished than "Twins," which is rather the skeleton of a play than an "eccentric comedy," as it is designated. The main idea on which the humour of "Twins" pivots is the perplexity wrought by the mistaken identity of Titus and Timothy Spinach, who so closely resemble each other that it is hard for the dramatis personæ to tell "t'other from which." But in this novel and incomplete modern Comedy of Errors all the surrounding characters are sacrificed for the sake of the "Twins." Considerable amusement, however, is caused by the scene at Goatstole-on-Sea, where the hapless Timothy Spinach, waiter at the Grand Hotel, is mistaken by a number of genteel people for his unctuously sanctimonious brother, Professor Spinach, who is regarded as the champion of the suffering Hindoos. The arrival at the hotel of the real Simon Pure adds to the confusion; and the diverting incidents of this act are devised with a certain amount of cleverness. But in the last act the interest in "Twins" is not sustained. Mr. Edward Righton exhibits his accustomed ability in his characteristic portraiture of Titus and Timothy Spinach. Miss Carlotta Leclercq enters heartily into the spirit of the caricature labelled the Hon. Mrs. Granby. Mr. Fred. Desmond fills in the part of The O'Haver-sack well; and Mr. H. H. Vincent, Miss Ethel Hope, and Miss Emma Ritta do their best with the scanty materials at their disposal in "Twins."

A comedy full of varied character capably delineated by Mr. Daly's American Company, "Dollars and Sense" is well worth seeing at Toole's Theatre, enabling, as it does, Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Leclercq, and the other members of the troupe to display their talents to rich advantage. The admirable ease with which Mr. Daly's Company perform in the most farcical situations might well be studied by some London companies.

Mrs. Langtry arrived in Liverpool from New York in good health and spirits on Sunday, and full of hope of another successful provincial tour in England, commencing next week at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Bank Holiday caused quite a rush at the Adelphi, where the excellent melodrama of "In the Ranks," by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, maintains its extraordinary and well-merited popularity. Mr. Sims is labouring hard on a new drama, of which report speaks highly, for Messrs. Gatti.

The Gaiety Company has been bisected—the gay and rollicking burlesque half, headed by Miss Nelly Farren, sprightly as ever, making merry at the magnificent Empire Theatre, in Mr. Reece's "Forty Thieves"; and Mr. Edward Terry letting off "The Rocket" nightly at the Gaiety.

Mr. Brookfield, an admirable artist, to-night begins his brief Haymarket season; his chief attraction being "Evergreen," an adaptation of the French comedy of "Le Réveil du Lion."

The undaunted Mr. Augustus Harris will recommence the dramatic season at Drury Lane in September with a revival of "The World." It would be difficult for him to revive a more thoroughly vigorous and dramatic play of incident, character, and spectacular effect.

G. A. S.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

With the important exception of the character of the sport, which, especially on the Cup Day, was unusually poor, the past Goodwood Meeting was a remarkably brilliant one. Royalty was well represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Sweden, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and three of their daughters, and the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar; whilst the nobility and aristocracy of the country mustered in great force. It was doubly unfortunate, therefore, that the sport on the principal day should have been so very flat and uninteresting. But for the public spirit displayed by the Duke of Hamilton, who started both Ossian and Friday on a hopeless mission in the Cup, St. Simon would have had a walk over for that trophy, and, as it was, we were scarcely treated to the semblance of a race, for the St. Leger winner has unfortunately turned roarer, and old Friday, who gained such a sensational victory over Tristan two years ago, is long past his best day. The Stewards' Cup, which brought out a capital field of twenty-three, was undoubtedly the most important of the handicaps, and was fought out between Sweetbread (9 st. 3 lb.) and Duke of Richmond (8 st. 10 lb.), two of the top weights. Though the former only won by a head, we fancied that he had a little in hand at the finish; still, the three-year-old ran wonderfully well considering that he had some pounds the worse of the weights, and finished without showing a trace of the faint-heartedness that some critics thought was perceptible at Ascot. On the following day he made very short work of Hermitage, who had previously disposed of Sandiway cleverly, and though the Duke of Westminster's filly partially redeemed her reputation by her success in the Nassau Stakes, she beat nothing in that race, and may be dismissed from St. Leger calculations; nor do we think that Hermitage is worthy of consideration for the same event. Cormeille cannot be passed over so lightly, for he showed himself to be as good as Harvester; still the latter, who is no great favourite of ours, was by no means wound up, and whilst Scot Free and Superba continue to do well Cormeille cannot have more than an outside chance. Turning again to the handicaps, we note that 7 lb. extra did not stop Stockholm (8 st. 12 lb.) in the Goodwood Corinthian Plate, and one can only wonder how she managed to lose the £2000 prize at Leicester, though, on the other hand, Prison's (8 st. 11 lb.) hollow victory in the Chesterfield Cup stamps him as a real good horse. The ten behind him included some genuine flyers—Geheimniss (9 st. 10 lb.) and Thebais (9 st. 9 lb.) to wit—but the younger of the two Oaks winners does not now seem to care to gallop more than six or seven furlongs. There was nothing very startling in the two-year-old running. Perhaps Luminary was the best that was stripped during the week, and, having quite recovered from the lameness induced by careless shoeing, his three opponents gave him very little trouble in the Molecomb Stakes. The Duke of Portland's Satchel, who was the outsider of the party, beat a good field for the Lavant Stakes, which included previous winners in Petersham, Lonely, White Nun, and Kingwood; and Golden Ray scored a wonderfully popular victory for Mr. Holdsworth in the Rous Memorial Stakes, a race that was selected for the début of Armida, a half-sister to Galliard, by Childeric—Mavis, who was purchased by Lord Hastings at Lord Fal-mouth's first sale. She ran far better than the majority of the Mereworth youngsters have done, and may yet repay the long price that was given for her. We have now touched on all the salient features of the week, and may dismiss Goodwood with the expression of the hope that energetic measures will be taken to strengthen the programme next season.

Large fields were the order of the day at Brighton, a popular meeting which began on Tuesday. The Maiden Plate fell to Pearl Diver, a son of Master Kildare, who has already shown us a capital representative in Melton; so the Irish horse, whose gallant victories under heavy weights will be well remembered, promises to prove a very successful sire. The Marine Stakes saw Antler (8 st. 12 lb.) to the fore at last, and his success must have done the ring a good turn, for few fancied him, as his previous performances this season have been very moderate, and he appeared far more likely to break a blood vessel than to win. Sir George Chetwynd's colours are not often seen in front nowadays, so the success of Quilt (7 st. 12 lb.) in the Brighton Stakes was well received. She was a capital performer as a two-year-old, but seemed to have lost most of her form during the early part of the present season. In the Corporation Stakes the luckless Laverock filled the thankless position of second for the sixth time in succession. He has been worked very hard all this year, and it was setting him too big a task to ask him to give 10 lb. to Debutante, a smart filly that won a race at Goodwood on the previous Friday. On Wednesday the Davies Park Free Welter Handicap was won by Mr. R. Sherrard's Samaritan, the Brookside Plate by Mr. R. Peck's Gaythorn, the Ovingdean Welter Handicap by Ramsbury, the Brighton Cup by Mr. F. Morton's Dalmeny, the Pavilion Stakes by Simnel, and the Rottingdean Plate by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Beryl. For the Rous Stakes Mr. E. Hobson's Goldstone walked over.

The match between the Australians and the Players of England at the Oval was a very disappointing affair. The latter were by no means a representative team; still their bowling and fielding could not well have been better, and had anyone supported Ulyett (22 and 33) in the batting way our visitors would not have won by anything like nine wickets. For the winners Bonnor (68) played a very fine innings, his hitting being really splendid; and it is a curious thing about the giant that he almost invariably makes runs when the others fail, and retires for little or nothing when they are scoring. The scene which occurred towards the end of the match was much to be regretted; but some of the accounts of the affair are gross exaggerations, and it betrayed a sad want of management to keep some thousands of spectators waiting whilst the players lunched, when only eleven runs were needed to complete the match. The Canterbury Week began on Monday in glorious weather, and all the surroundings were exceptionally brilliant. At the time of writing the match between the Australians and Kent is not quite finished, but it really looks as though the county must win, and such a victory will indeed be a triumph. Lord Harris (60) batted splendidly in his second innings, and A. Hewine, a young and almost untried bowler, took five wickets for only 36 runs.

A billiard-match of 10,000 up, between W. Mitchell and W. Peall, has produced some extraordinary scoring on the part of the latter. Not only did he make 1211 (394 spots), the largest break on record in a match, but he also put together runs of 828, 501, 653, 552, 530, and 1803; his grand aggregate for twenty breaks being no less than 8032.

The race for her Majesty's Cup at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta was concluded at a late hour on Tuesday night, the cup being won by Mr. S. Hope-Morley's Lorna; Sir R. Sutton's Genesta securing second honours.

The annual race for Doggett's coat and badge was won yesterday week by Charles Phelps, of Putney.

OSTEND AND THE NEW KURSAAL.

The August flight of English families and single holiday-makers from London and all our large towns naturally seeks the seashore, while many find an enlivening change in a sojourn at some foreign place on the opposite coasts. They cannot do better than go to Ostend, which is so easily accessible from Dover, and the attractions of which have of late years been greatly increased, drawing thither, every season, more than thirty thousand visitors. We present several Views of Ostend, the Plage and the Digue, a noble marine promenade, with the Pier or Jetty, the tents and bathing-machines on the beach; also the Park, the Royal Pavilion, and the stately buildings which have been erected for public accommodation and entertainment. Of these, the most important is the new Kursaal, which was designed by a well-known architect, M. J. J. Naert, of Brussels, and is a magnificent edifice of its kind. It is situated between the sea, the Avenue, and the Leopold Park, occupying the vast space of 36,000 ft., the larger part of which is covered by the buildings. The Rotunda, a structure of elliptical form, nearly 200 ft. long, is intended for a concert-room, having its orchestra of seventy musicians in the centre; its front presents an arcade of thirteen wide arches, over a covered terrace which faces the sea; in bad weather the arches can readily be closed with glass windows raised by hydraulic machinery from below the pavement of the terrace. The hall and terrace are illuminated by six hundred gaslights. The interior, filled with an assembly of six thousand persons, and brilliantly lighted up at night, has a splendid effect. All the chairs and tables can be removed very quickly, when required, through trap-doors in the floor. The coffee-saloon and restaurant, and the ladies' drawing-room, adjoin the Rotunda, fronting the sea. The ball-room, which is nearly 118 ft. long, 56 ft. wide, and 45 ft. high, without any pillars to support the ceiling, has a vestibule at each end, with a broad staircase leading to the balcony, and to an upper outside promenade going all round the roof of the Rotunda. Connected with the ball-room is the "foyer," with the billiard-rooms and card-rooms adjacent, and there are also the reception-rooms, reading-rooms, smaller music-rooms, management offices, and other apartments. The decoration of the halls and saloons has been entrusted to the most skilful and tasteful artists, who have executed it in their best style. The service of the establishment, the cuisine, stores, and cellars, find ample room in the basement, which is most conveniently arranged. The new Kursaal was opened on June 23 this year, and has proved a great success under the direction of M. Ch. Verhaeghe, who is well known to English visitors to Ostend. We may also mention the Casino, situated in the middle of the town, where concerts are given to which celebrated artists from all the world lend their aid; and children's fancy balls and evening dances take place every week. In addition to these amusements of all kinds, Ostend has a pretty theatre, where popular operettas are performed by the best artists from Brussels, often aided by Parisian actors and actresses, such as Judic, Coquelin, Dupuis, and others well known also in London. At the bathing hour, on the Plage, more than eight hundred bathing-machines roll towards the sea, and there is quite a world of bathers, to whom, perhaps, this is the most pleasant moment of the day. The King and Queen of the Belgians pass the summer in their magnificent château, elevated at the west end of the beautiful Digue. We may add that living at Ostend is not dearer than elsewhere, in spite of the great run on this favourite resort. In a very good hotel, for seven or eight shillings per day, very good accommodation can be obtained. Excellent apartments can also be procured weekly, where every comfort can be found. There are two steamers running between Dover and Ostend daily, bringing this charming place within three hours and a half of the English coasts. All our countrymen who visited Ostend during the international regattas, when more than a hundred English yachts entered the harbour, were much pleased with it; and others would enjoy the four days' racing, during July and August, on the magnificent racecourse of Wellington, which is attended by the Court and the Belgian fashionable world.

AUSTRALIAN WINES.

At the moment of going to press we received from a correspondent, largely connected with the Australian wine trade, the following letter:—In common with the Australian wine-growers generally we have good reason to be pleased with the prominence you have given to Australian wines in your Health Exhibition Number, through the representation of our exhibit as it stands in the centre of the main gallery, and we feel reluctant to take exception to any of your remarks. We may, however, be permitted to state, without the risk of being thought to detract in any way from the advantages this particular branch of industry has received through the interest of the eminent names you mentioned as pioneers of the South Australian wine trade, that the wine culture was not commenced by them, but had its birth many years previously, their interest being only in the cause of practically distributing these pure wines in England. We need not trouble you with the names of all those to whose industry and perseverance the result was due. To one, however, who is no longer among us will be conceded all the virtues of an honest worker for the general good, and for his adopted colony. Dr. A. C. Kelly is a name honoured amongst colonial wine-growers, who have learnt to profit no less by his failures than by his successes. In recording the names of the pioneers of the Australian wine trade, his name should never be omitted.

P. B. B.

Sir E. Watkin, M.P., and a party of gentlemen visited the Channel Tunnel last Saturday, and inspected the works.

The Franchise agitation continues. Several meetings in support of the bill were held on Saturday last. Important county demonstrations were held at Bedford, Kingswood, West Gloucestershire, and Newport, Monmouthshire; while the bill formed the subject of the speeches at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new Liberal Club at Acerrington. An important Reform demonstration was held on Monday at Birmingham, a procession comprising many thousands of persons marching through the town to a place of meeting, where speeches were delivered and resolutions passed protesting against the action of the House of Lords in respect to the Franchise Bill. In the evening Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain addressed some 15,000 persons in Bingley Hall, Birmingham. The members of the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association made their annual excursion to Houghenden on Monday. Sir Stafford Northcote was the principal speaker at the dinner, and gave an address in memory of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. There was another Conservative demonstration at Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouthshire, at which the Earl of Carnarvon and Lord Cranborne were the principal speakers. Mr. James Lowther, M.P., in addressing a Conservative meeting at Huddersfield on Tuesday night, denounced attempts to intimidate the House of Lords by ruffianism. The Peers had the whole Conservative party upholding them in resistance to an incomplete bill.

A banquet was given at Birmingham last Saturday evening to Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Wills.

About 18,000 volunteers have been in camp this week in different parts of Great Britain.

Colonel P. Hill has been appointed Commanding Officer of Royal Artillery in Canada.

A distinguished service reward of £50 per annum has been bestowed upon Major John Simpson, of the Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), who gained the Victoria Cross by conspicuous gallantry during the Indian Mutiny campaign.

The Jersey National Rifle Association meeting ended on the 1st inst. at Dorey with a match between Guernsey and Jersey, eight on each side, with ten shots at 200 and ten at 500 yards. Totals: Guernsey, 701; Jersey, 694.



OSTEND AND ITS NEW ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

THE COURT.

On Friday, the 1st inst., the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred arrived at Osborne from Portland, in H.M.S. Vivid, and took luncheon with the Queen. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg also lunched with her Majesty. Princess Louise went out with her Majesty in the afternoon. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, arrived at Osborne Cottage from Buckingham Palace, having crossed over from Portsmouth in H.M.'s yacht Alberta, Captain Thomson. The Crown Prince and Princess visited her Majesty on their arrival. The Queen went out last Saturday with Princess Beatrice. The Prince of Wales and Prince George of Wales (who arrived in the afternoon from North America in H.M.S. Canada, Captain Durrant) visited her Majesty. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princess Victoria of Prussia, and Princess Louis of Battenberg, dined with the Queen. On Sunday her Majesty, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, and the members of the Royal Household, attended Divine service. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. The King of Sweden and Norway visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince George of Wales also took luncheon with her Majesty. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, visited Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg and Princess Louise at Kent House in the evening; and on Monday morning her Majesty and Princess Beatrice walked over to Osborne Cottage to visit the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. On Tuesday her Majesty conferred the Order of the Garter upon Prince George of Wales. The Prince of Wales and Princess Beatrice were present. The Queen drove out in the afternoon. Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Prussia went out on the Solent in the steam-boat of the Royal yacht. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria of Prussia dined with her Majesty in the evening. Baroness Gersdorff, Count Seckendorff, and the Dean of Windsor had the honour of being invited. The Queen went out on Tuesday morning with Princess Beatrice.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House on Thursday evening, last week, from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood. On Friday morning the Prince was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes at 8, Richmond-terrace; and in the afternoon his Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in the Guildhall of the City of London, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies, to pass in review the work of the society during the past half century, and to consider the vast amount of slavery still existing in Africa and other portions of the world. The Prince and Princess, with their children, arrived at Portsmouth last Saturday afternoon, and proceeded in the Royal yacht Osborne to meet her Majesty's ship Canada, on board which Prince George of Wales is serving as a midshipman. The annual meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron was held on Monday at the Squadron Castle, Cowes, for the transaction of the business of the club and to receive an account of its affairs. His Royal Highness, commodore, presided. On the proposition of the Prince, which was seconded by the Marquis of Londonderry and carried by acclamation, the King of Sweden and Norway was elected a member of the squadron. On Tuesday evening there was a house dinner of the members of the squadron, at which the Prince, the King of Sweden and Norway, the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince George of Wales, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar were present.

A Reuter's telegram, dated St. Petersburg, Aug. 3, states that the Duchess of Edinburgh, with the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius of Russia, arrived at Peterhof last Saturday from Moscow.

Prince and Princess Christian left Cumberland Lodge on Monday for Germany.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, attended by Major Winsloe, A.D.C., left St. James's Palace on Monday evening for Homburg.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 6.

The failure of the Conference on Egyptian affairs has been received with disappointment in France but with relief and almost with jubilation in this country. It is well known that the English Government sought to reduce the interest on the debt as a means of providing for the charges of the proposed new loan, while the French Government were against such reduction, though apparently quite willing that the British Government should, at their own risk, provide what new money is necessary. On the breaking up of the Conference therefore Egyptian stocks were flat on the Paris Bourse on the assumption that the English proposals would be carried out; while here on the resumption of business on Tuesday morning there was a very considerable rise. The attitude taken up in this market was probably due to the feeling that British interference in Egypt would now become more active and effective, and that in that case a moderate reduction in the rate of interest would be offset by the increased security thereby given to the bondholders. Lord Northbrook's appointment as High Commissioner has added to the confidence already excited.

The decision given by Sir James Bacon in the case of "The Colonial Bank v. Whinney" seems to have caused undue surprise, and Colonial Bank shares have fallen several pounds, but to a non-legal mind no other decision would be usual or equitable. The Bank advanced upon share certificates, and received therewith a blank transfer. As change of ownership was not registered, the shares were held to be part of the general estate of the bankrupt, and the Colonial Bank therefore ranks as an unsecured creditor. This fresh experience of blank transfers should not be lost upon other lenders of money to the Stock Exchange.

A severe fall has taken place in London and North Western Railway Stock upon the announcement of a dividend of 6 per cent per annum, as against 7 last year. In the case of the Midland the decline was from 5½ to 5, and the Great Western rate is 5, against 5½.

As marking the substantial character of the rebound which has taken place in the better class of transatlantic securities, it may be noted that Canadian Pacific shares, which in June last were marked 41½, are now 50, including the dividend of 5 per cent per annum which will be paid in a few days. Hudson's Bay shares have in the same time risen to 25.

T. S.

The transatlantic steamer Britannia sank off Portland early on the 1st inst., having been run into during a fog by the steamer Bellecain, of West Hartlepool. The crew were saved, but a large number of cattle was drowned. The stem of the Bellecain was so much damaged that the steamer has returned to Southampton to be surveyed.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

ETRETAT.

The cholera scare has put an end to all pleasure travelling in the Mediterranean waters. One cannot cross from Italy to Sicily without being subjected to I know not how many days of quarantine; and even the little steamer which plies between Naples and Capri is obliged to hoist the yellow flag and demand permission—*la pratica*, as it is called—before it is allowed to land its passengers. This being the case, I have been forced to interrupt my pleasant Italian wanderings and return to France. Paris in August is, of course, unendurable; the heat is torrid, the air suffocating, the asphalt of the boulevards in a state of semi-liquefaction, and the revision of the Constitution, on which the poor deputies are engaged. So, no sooner had I arrived in Paris than I made haste to get away again. Where to go was the question. I thought of Dieppe; but Dieppe is hideously ugly, and last year, while I was quietly swimming there, a bathing-man, with the word *baigneur* written on his cap, imperiously ordered me out of the water, telling me that I had been in long enough—an interference with my liberty which I resented. I thought of Tréport, too, but I remembered that in a previous year I was very much worried by the employés of the bathing establishment, who insisted upon my entering by one door and going out by another; and furthermore, while I was swimming, the bathing-men hooted at me, and forbade me to venture more than ten yards from the shore. As I persisted in swimming as I thought proper, a man in a boat, after a furious preliminary pantomime, began to blow at me upon a horn. I left Tréport the next morning, and do not intend to return. The system of paternal government may be carried too far. Trouville did not tempt me, because it is a dear and unserviceable place, where you cannot even speak to your neighbour at table d'hôte. Etretat I knew of old, so I determined to go there; and now that I am here I am more than ever confirmed in the opinion that it is the prettiest, most sociable, and most reposeful of all the bathing places on the Normandy coast. Here we are not troubled by over-administration; everybody does as he pleases, dresses as he pleases, and swims as he pleases; and, above all, everybody seems to have a good time. The bathers have decent dressing-rooms, splendid clear water,

Murmuring surge.

That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,

life-boats to reassure the timid, diving-boards for the bold, and a warm foot-bath to start the reaction when the dip is over. Bathing and eating and loafing are the great occupations of the day, and in this warm August weather, freshened by the sea-breeze, one desires nothing more. Still, if superabundant energy craves an outlet, the Casino comes to the rescue with a reading-room, a card-room, billiard-tables, a theatre, concerts, balls for the children and balls for the grown-up people, and with that most fascinating of all losing games, *petits chevaux* or steeplechase. We have here two tables each provided with eight little horses turning in concentric circles on a green baize race-course, and from five o'clock in the afternoon until seven, and from eight till eleven, the game rarely languishes for want of players, amongst whom the ladies are naturally the most ardent and indefatigable. Finally, there are capital walking excursions along the cliffs and drives in the country around, which surpasses in beauty and picturesqueness the environs of all the other Normandy watering-places.

I am warm in my praise of Etretat from sad experience of many a much-vaunted and much-advertised *plage* which has turned out to be merely a speculation of some needy architect or landowner. This is now the sixth season that I have been here, and I find the place this year more charming and more jolly than ever; and, to judge from the number of English and American visitors, I conclude that I am by no means the only Anglo-Saxon of that opinion. Etretat is not aristocratic nor ultra-fashionable; it is modest and honest, and you get there a satisfactory return for a moderate outlay.

T. C.

The Mayor and Corporation of Bath on Tuesday opened a large and luxuriously-fitted swimming-bath in connection with the suite of royal baths, which are undergoing improvement at a cost of £18,000.

Mr. John Edward Bingham, head of the firm of Messrs. Walker and Hall, silversmiths, was on Tuesday elected Master Cutler at Sheffield. Mr. Bingham filled the same position a few years ago.

Mrs. Rolls was severely reprimanded by Mr. Justice Chitty on Tuesday for offering sums of money, of £10, £200, and £1200, to his clerks, in order, as she said, to obtain justice. She apologised to the Judge, and promised not to offend in the same manner again.

Three packages of dynamite were put into the letter-box of the Nottingham Post-office on Sunday night. To each a fuse and cap were attached; but they failed to act, and no explosion took place. Portions of the *United Irishman* were around the parcel.

The protocols of the Conference, which has ended without arriving at a result, were issued on Monday, and will be perused with interest as giving a full account of the attempts made to reconcile the divergent views of France and England, which, notwithstanding some concessions on each side, could not be brought into accord.

The Bank Holiday on Monday was very generally observed by the middle and working classes in London. The extraordinary fineness of the weather induced vast numbers to avail themselves of the facilities afforded by the railway and steamship companies to make country excursions, and all the attractive places in the vicinity of London were thronged with holiday-makers. The Health Exhibition, the British Museum, the Zoological Society's Gardens, and the South Kensington Museum were also largely visited.

The Standard Theatre was opened on Monday for a series of performances by the Royal English Opera Company from Covent Garden Theatre, under the direction of Mr. J. O'Connor. Verdi's "Il Trovatore" (in the adapted version) was the work given on the opening night. There were several familiar features in the cast, which comprised Misses P. Siedle, Lucy Franklin, and O. Summers, Mr. Packard, Mr. A. Rousbey, and Messrs. Griffin and Belton. The theatre has been entirely re-decorated, and the series of operatic performances will doubtless be welcome to the large East-End public.

At West Bromwich, on Monday, the foundation-stone of an educational institute was laid by Major Reuben Farley. A procession, consisting of 10,000 Sunday-school children from forty-five schools, a number of local friendly societies, and public officials, marched through the town. The Bishop of Lichfield offered up prayer, and a choir of 1200 children sang hymns. The Major afterwards gave a luncheon in the Town-hall, the Sunday-school children being provided with a free tea at the respective schools. The institute is to cost about £12,000, and to be conducted on lines similar to the Midland Institute at Birmingham.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chamber on Thursday week voted the Revision Bill, as altered in the Senate, by a majority of 294 to 191. In consequence of this vote, the Senate and the Chamber met in Congress at Versailles on Monday, and agreed to adopt the Standing Orders of the national assembly at Bordeaux in 1871 with certain amendment. M. Jules Ferry then endeavoured to introduce the bill for revision, but a tumult arose, as the Standing Orders prescribed the election of the bureaux. The sitting ended in confusion, and on its resumption the bureaux were drawn by lot. A committee of thirty members was chosen, to whom the Revision Bill was referred.—The *Siècle* of Tuesday evening announced that Admiral Courbet's squadron had taken possession of the harbour and mines at Kelung, Island of Formosa.—The cholera is everywhere diminishing in the South of France.

A correspondent in Lucerne states that it is a great mistake to think that Switzerland is in danger from cholera, the climate being so pure. During the last cholera epidemic there was not, he says, a single case in Lucerne; and only in one town of Switzerland, and that on the German frontier, did the disease appear. He further states that there is no quarantine round the frontier, except the Italian. Intending visitors can therefore go with their accustomed regularity to the Lake of the four Cantons—the Rigi, Pilatus, Mürren, and the snow-capped mountains in any part of Switzerland. It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that the authorities of Geneva also have taken action in the matter, declaring that city to be absolutely free from cholera.

The monument to the late Marquis de Sa Da Bandeira was unveiled at Lisbon on the 31st ult., in the presence of the King, the members of the Royal Family, the Ministers, and the Civil and Military authorities. The King eulogised the services rendered by the Marquis to his country, and referred to his having abolished slavery in the Portuguese colonies.

It is announced from the Hague that the bill appointing the Queen of the Netherlands Regent during her daughter's minority after the King's death received almost unanimous approval in the bureaux of the United Chambers.

An important piece of work has been brought to a successful conclusion in Rome, in the complete renewal of the leaden envelope of the dome of St. Peter's Church. It has occupied twelve years, and has cost £8000.

The German Emperor has gone this week from Gastein to Ischl, there to meet the Emperor of Austria. The meeting between the two monarchs was of the most cordial character.

Prince Karageorgevich died of inflammation of the lungs at Ischl on Monday last.

On Tuesday the Royal Palace at Athens was in great part destroyed by fire. Several firemen and sailors were injured.

The Queen of Denmark and the King and Queen of the Hellenes, with their children, arrived at Copenhagen on Thursday week from Germany, accompanied by the King of Denmark, who had gone to Lubeck in the Royal yacht Dannebrog to escort their Majesties to Copenhagen.—A Royal decree directs the Rigsdag to meet for an extraordinary Session on the 14th inst.

The survivors of the Greely expedition arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 1st inst., and were informally received by Mr. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy; Brigadier-General Hazen, chief signal officer of the War Department, and other officials. The party are still suffering from the effects of the terrible hardships experienced by them.—The corner-stone of the pedestal upon which Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty will rest was laid on Tuesday on Bedloe Island, with appropriate ceremony.

The death of the King of Annam has taken place, after a long illness.

The Grand Duke of Hesse has consented to become a patron of the German Teachers' Association, and has given £20 towards the funds of the society.

The annual contests of the National Artillery Association at Shoeburyness will be attended by eighty-eight detachments of Artillery Volunteers in the first week, Aug. 9 to 15; and eighty-three in the second week, immediately following.

Major-General Farrell Pennycuik, who was created a Companion of the Bath for his services in the China war of 1860, and who has also served with distinction in the Crimea and India, has been awarded a distinguished service reward of £100 per annum.

The court-martial upon Captain Pollard, of her Majesty's ship Defence, for having hazarded it by running into the Valiant in a recent manoeuvre in Bantry Bay, concluded on the 1st inst. at Devonport. He was adjudged guilty, and ordered to be dismissed from his ship.

A testimonial is being promoted in favour of Mr. James Peck, who, for more than forty years, as chief clerk of the Sacred Harmonic Society, did valuable service to the institution. Subscriptions will be received by the treasurer, Mr. Henry Littleton, 1, Berners-street, W.

The Jubilee High Court of Foresters began its sittings at Manchester on Monday morning. There were more than five hundred delegates present, and Mr. John Bowles, Chief Ranger, presided. The Mayors of several neighbouring towns were present, and those of Salford and Ashton-under-Lyne gave short addresses.

Vice-Chancellor Sir J. Bacon has confirmed the commutation of the Duke of Marlborough's pension of £4000 a year for £107,780, and Mr. Justice Chitty has sanctioned a family arrangement by which certain diamonds presented by the late Duke to the Duchess are to be regarded as heirlooms in place of jewels sold from the sword of the first Duke.

The House of Commons Committee have rejected the Manchester Ship Canal Bill. But a meeting was held on Tuesday of the Provisional Committee, at which it was unanimously resolved to continue the movement. It is now proposed to adopt the alternative scheme of a tidal canal from Runcorn to Garston, thereby avoiding the shallow estuary of the Mersey.

The Irishmen on trial at Warwick—Daly for being in illegal possession of explosives, and Egan for being party to a conspiracy with Daly against the Government—were convicted on the 1st inst. and sentenced, Daly to penal servitude for life, and Egan for twenty years. The third man, M'Donnell, was not proved to have been concerned in any overt act since 1874, when he was convicted, and he was discharged on recognisances to appear for judgment when called upon.

An International Conference on Education, presided over by Lord Curlingford, was opened on Monday in the new building of the City and Guilds of London Institute. The conditions of healthy education, workshop instruction in schools, training of teachers, and other questions relating to education, were discussed in the several sections. Mr. Mundella, M.P., Professor H. Morley, Professor Fleming Jenkins, Canon Cromwell, and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., were among those who took part in the discussions. Many papers were read on Tuesday.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill* is not, on the whole, very interesting this month, though there is considerable liveliness in Mr. Payn's new novel, "The Talk of the Town," founded on the Ireland forgeries; and Archdeacon Holden's "Tribulation" is a pretty story. The scene where the young lady sets five curates walking for a rose is very humorous. Mr. Payn's "Literary Recollections" have some amusing anecdotes; and it is gratifying to find an author of his ample experience taking the part of the publishers.

Macmillan has a sound criticism on the present tendencies of fiction in France and England. The downhill course of French fiction is pointed out; while English novelists are warned that if they wish to impress the world equally with their rivals, they must be equally in earnest with their art. "Twelfth Night at the Lyceum" is rather severely criticised; a negro religious service in Florida is vividly described; and the essential tenderness no less than the superficial crustiness of Carlyle's character is well illustrated by some specimens of his correspondence with his literary assistant, Neuberger. Carlyle's description of Thiers's personal appearance is marvellous in its photographic intensity; and there is a fine indignant prophecy of the downfall of the Third Empire.

The most entertaining contribution to the *English Illustrated Magazine* is Mr. Archibald Forbes's "Doughtown Scrip," a racy account of a lecturing expedition in the extreme west of New Zealand, for which he was remunerated in the aforesaid scrip, upon which a call is now understood to be payable. There is an excellent illustrated description of Sheffield and its cutlery, and an interesting sketch of James Ward the animal painter, embodying the sage observation, "One bull is very like another bull, whether it fed our forefathers during the reign of good King George, or whether it will feed our children to-morrow." With present prices, it would be rash to predict what may happen to our children, but we are confident that our fathers were not fed to any considerable extent upon bull beef. "Bab" is a very pretty tale. Mr. Swinburne's "Ballad of Sark" is full of fine sound, not signifying very much.

"The Waters of Hercules" is another of *Blackwood's* Austrian stories, and promises to rival any of its predecessors. "Tommy" is an amusing but not very moral tale of a young gentleman who, having nearly ruined himself by following the virtuous precepts originally instilled into him, makes his fortune by adopting an opposite line of conduct. "A Sketch from Malvern" depicts that delightful district in very pleasant style.

The most interesting contributions to *Longman's Magazine* are the continuations of "Jack's Courtship" and "A Blue Grass Penelope," and the late Mr. Dutton Cook's remarks upon Thackeray's sparing but valuable examples of dramatic criticism.

The articles in the *Fortnightly* most generally read will be the anonymous character of Lord Salisbury and Professor Thorold Rogers's assault upon the House of Lords. Neither can claim much permanent value; while Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's review of the agricultural difficulties of India, though marred by the writer's conceit, deserves serious attention; and Mr. Agg-Gardner's exposure of the folly and inutility of "Sunday Closing Bills" is crushing and conclusive. Mr. R. T. Reid can only discern a most dismal choice of alternatives in Egypt; while Captain Warren is optimistic enough to imagine that the European Powers chiefly interested may agree upon a common course of action in Morocco. Mr. Lucien Wolf—himself a Jew—puts the question, What is Judaism?—and answers, in effect, that it is Secularism.

The House of Lords is discussed in the *Nineteenth Century* by a Peer, the heir to a peerage, a Conservative and a Liberal M.P., and a working man. The general outcome of their remarks is that the question of a second chamber is more interesting than the question of the Franchise. Mr. Archibald Forbes considerably flatters our national amour propre by imparting the American Commodore Goodrich's highly complimentary observations on the behaviour of our forces in Egypt. Dr. Jessopp's sketch of the founders of Muggletonianism is as entertaining as his essays usually are; and Mr. H. G. Hewlett writes delightfully on the county of Sussex.

Professor Seeley shows himself an able critic of Goethe in the *Contemporary Review*: though he is more forward to recognise every side of Goethe's genius than the poetical. But for this very reason he is the more in harmony with the subject of his essay, who of all great poets possessed most points of contact with the prose of literature and life. Signor Bonghi writes an extremely fair review of the policy of Leo the Thirteenth's pontificate. The representative of Italian Liberalism can afford to be just to a Pope who can find nothing better to do than to rehabilitate St. Thomas Aquinas—and the pity is that there really is nothing better for him. Mr. Llewelyn Davies replies effectively to Dean Burgon's objections to academical education for ladies; and Principal Grant welcomes the British Association to Montreal in the noble confidence that the "men of light and leading" will for once be ready to learn as well as to teach.

The *National Review* has an able criticism on Lockhart, by Mr. George Saintsbury; a fine Oriental ballad by Sir Alfred Lyall; and a judicial review, holding the mean between extremes, of the controverted character of "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," by Mr. T. R. E. Holmes. The Rev. Alfred Smith's paper contains several instances of the oppressive and unjust behaviour of the French in Madagascar.

The *Century* puts forth a holiday number with something for every taste. Mr. Burroughs's "British Wild Flowers" will charm the lover of nature, and Mr. Stillman's travels in the track of Ulysses will be no less attractive to the scholar and archaeologist. Mr. Stead has not much to tell us of Gordon that we did not already know; but Mr. Hyde's memoir of Sam Houston, the founder of Texan independence, vividly depicts the typical hero of the backwoods, a rough man capable on occasion of almost incredible self-devotion and generosity. Miss Zimmern's sketch of the literary Queen of Roumania is very interesting. We learn with regret that the exigencies of State sometimes compel her Majesty to talk fourteen hours a day, while she writes but four. Two new serial tales, "A New England Winter," by Henry James, and "A Problematic Character," by H. H. Boyesen, add much to the interest of the number. The other American magazines are less interesting. In *Harper* we remark the continuations of "Judith Shakespeare" and of the beautifully illustrated "Artist Strolls in Holland." The *Atlantic Monthly* has an excellent paper by Mr. W. S. Liscumb on the decay of ancient sculpture, and a curious one by Mr. Leland on the resemblances between the Edda and the myths of the Algonquin Indians. *Manhattan* is lively and readable, with nothing very special.

Temple Bar publishes the first part of some highly interesting reminiscences of the late Charles Reade by Mr. John Coleman, who was concerned in several of his dramatic undertakings. "Hyacinth O'Toole," a tale by the late J. S. Lefanu, though unfinished, is well worth publishing on account of its racy humour. *Belgravia* and its holiday supplement are full of good stories, of which "The Child of the

Phalanstery" is the most striking. *Merry England* contains an excellent notice of the architectural tendencies of the Victorian age; and the *Scottish Review*, though not otherwise particularly attractive, is valuable for its excellent summary of the contents of the chief foreign periodicals.

"Philistia," the principal attraction of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, maintains its place as the most interesting and amusing of any of the serial novels. "The Red Man in a New Light" shows that the American-Indian was not a mere vagabond. There are good accounts of that "liar of the first magnitude," Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, and that more religious—but scarcely more reputable—personage, Madame de Kridener.

We have also to acknowledge—Good Words, Cassell's Magazine, Tinsley, The Argosy, The Antiquarian, The Month, London Society, The Army and Navy Review, To-Day, The Red Dragon, and Colburn's United Service Magazine.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Collapse of the Conference! Owing to the disagreement of France and England on an essential point last Saturday, the London Conference of the Great Powers of Europe on the financial condition of Egypt was broken up. No marked regret was expressed in the House of Commons the same afternoon, when Mr. Gladstone communicated the intelligence of this diplomatic failure, and elaborately explained how it was brought about to a full and expectant House.

The Prime Minister made it clear that the rock upon which the Conference split was the irreconcilability of the English and French solutions of the financial difficulty in Egypt. The Powers substantially agreed to the proposal of the English Government that it would be expedient to raise a Pre-Preference loan of £8,000,000 to meet the present necessities of Egypt. But France and England agreed to differ with regard to the interest to be paid under the projected plan to the holders of Unified and other Egyptian bonds. Whereas our Government, in the interests of a good, fair, and considerate administration in Egypt, proposed a diminution of the interest on the debt to the extent of one-half per cent, the French Plenipotentiary entertained so sanguine a view of Egyptian revenue that he submitted no decrease of the interest at all would be called for. Mr. Gladstone stated, *inter alia*, that the total cost of government in Egypt amounted in round numbers to five and a quarter millions; and that, according to the British estimate, there was a deficit of £400,000, whilst "the French were more sanguine to the extent of £600,000 or £700,000." To the French proposal that the difficulty of a deficit should be relegated for settlement to the International Caisse at Cairo Earl Granville firmly objected. It would mean "financial confusion," said Mr. Gladstone, who was cheered when he read the statesman-like answer which the Foreign Secretary returned to M. Waddington at the Conference:—

We do not think that the powers of this magnitude should be in any case entrusted to the Commission of the Caisse. We have already proposed to give to that body by the Anglo-French Agreement powers of check and investigation as great as we can justify, but the present proposal is fundamentally different. The additional powers proposed by the French Plenipotentiary would, in our judgment, confer on the Commissioners of the Caisse a mastery over the Government and the affairs of Egypt, and to this we can on no account consent.

It needs only to be added that the Premier conveyed the further information that the views of England were supported by Italy and Turkey, whilst Russia, Germany, and Austria, declined to give any opinion as to the "circumstances of difference between England and France."

The Opposition did not appear to have anticipated this impotent ending of the Conference. It would be difficult, otherwise, to account for the mild remarks on Saturday of Sir Stafford Northcote, or for the comparative leniency of the Marquis of Salisbury's brief comment in the House of Lords on Monday, when Earl Granville made a similar statement to that of the Premier.

Ministerial revelation of further important decisions with respect to Egypt was preceded by a lively but fruitless protest on Monday by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Labouchere against the exclusion from Egypt of that enthusiastic English Arab, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who may almost be said to out-Arab Arabi in his devotion to the cause of nationality, and whose zeal brought about his exile.

Mr. Gladstone on Tuesday informed the House that the Earl of Northbrook—a wise selection—would in the Recess proceed to Egypt to study Egyptian affairs in order to advise the Cabinet as to the best course of action. A considerable amount of ingenious "heckling" could only draw from the Prime Minister that Lord Northbrook would retain his position as Cabinet Minister and First Lord of the Admiralty, and that, perhaps, the best title that could be given him during his sojourn in Egypt would be that of High Commissioner. It should be mentioned that Lord Northbrook will be accompanied by Sir Evelyn Baring.

The Premier's subsequent application on Tuesday for a vote of £300,000 to meet the contingency of an expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum, should the expedition be found to be necessary, afforded the right hon. gentleman the opportunity of substantiating the report of the gallant Envoy's safety in so far as the Cabinet credited the intelligence that the Mudir of Gondola had at Midsummer received a letter from the General himself. Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson opposed the vote of £300,000, but the sum was granted by 174 to 14. General Lord Wolseley's presence on the occasion was not without significance to those aware of the preparations that have been made for this expedition to Khartoum.

With regard to the exceedingly difficult and perplexing position of the County Franchise Bill, it cannot be said there is any prospect of the majority of the Lords and Commons agreeing yet. The Earl of Redesdale's reiteration on Tuesday of the suggestion that the Ministerial Redistribution Bill should be introduced in the autumn Session met with no encouragement from Earl Granville. Nor did the Marquis of Salisbury's steadfast adherence to his opinion tend to throw oil on the troubled waters. To employ a military term, their Lordships are still practising the "goose-step" on both sides of the House.

Munificently as the Commons may at the last moment pass the last millions of the Estimates, it is not considered likely that Parliament will be prorogued till the middle of next week.

Long Whaddon Hall, Leicestershire, was on Tuesday destroyed by fire.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen entertained on Bank Holiday, at their suburban mansion, Dollis-hill, Willesden, 250 residents of the Homes for Working Girls in London.

Sir Prescott Gardiner Hewett, Bart., F.R.S., has been appointed one of her Majesty's Sergeant-Surgeons in Ordinary, in the room of Cesar H. Hawkins, Esq., F.R.S., deceased.

The award of the Derby scholarship at Oxford to Mr. J. W. Mackail, Fellow of Balliol, is a fitting termination to a brilliant academical career.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN L. BURKE, BART.

Sir John Lionel Burke, twelfth Baronet, of Glinsk, county Galway, died on the 21st ult. He was born Nov. 26, 1818, the elder son of Sir Joseph Burke, eleventh Baronet, by Louisa, his wife, eldest daughter of William, Lord Huntingtower, and succeeded to the title at his father's death, Oct. 30, 1865. He was never married, and the baronetcy passes to the Knocknagar branch, descended from Richard Burke, fourth son of Sir John Burke, fourth Baronet. The late Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, of Knocknagar, Under-Secretary for Ireland, who was so barbarously murdered in the Phoenix Park, would now be, had he been alive, thirteenth Baronet. The family of Burke, of Glinsk, is distinct from the Houses of Clanricarde and Mayo, and possessed for centuries a great landed estate which was dissipated by the reckless extravagance of Sir John Ignatius Burke, tenth Baronet, uncle of the gentleman whose death we record.

COLONEL WILLIAM SLADE.

Colonel William Hiekes Slade, late Lieut.-Colonel 5th Lancers, died, on the 28th ult., at Richmond House, Bognor. He was third son of the distinguished Peninsular officer General Sir John Slade, Bart., G.C.H., by Matilda Ellen, his second wife, daughter of Mr. James Dawson, of Fork Hill, county Armagh. He was born Dec. 9, 1829, and early adopted a military life. He served in the Crimea with the 6th Dragoons, was present at the Battle of Tchernaya, and at the fall of Sebastopol, and went through the Indian Mutiny campaign, including the affair of Meerangunge and the capture of Lucknow. He had the Crimean medal with clasp and the Turkish medal, as well as a medal with clasp, for the Indian Mutiny, in which he was severely wounded. Colonel Slade married, July 13, 1861, Cecilia, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Des Vœux, Bart., and leaves issue.

MR. J. D. LEWIS.

Mr. John Delaware Lewis, M.A., of Westbury House, Hants, J.P., M.P. for Devonport 1863 to 1874, died, on the 31st ult., at his seat near Petersfield. He was born in 1828, the son of the late Mr. John Delaware Lewis, a Russia merchant, was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated in 1850, and was called to the Bar in 1858. He married, Jan. 6, 1863, Teresa, eldest daughter of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise, Bart., of Idsworth Park.

MR. MANBY.

Mr. Charles Manby, F.R.S., F.G.S., the eminent engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, and Honorary Secretary of the Institution, died, on the 21st ult., at 10, Lower Grosvenor-place, aged eighty. He was eldest son of Mr. Aaron Manby, of the Horsley Ironworks, Staffordshire, and from an early age followed his father's pursuits. In 1820 he designed and constructed the "Aaron Manby" steam-vessel, the first that ever made a sea-voyage. He was subsequently one of the managers of the Ironworks at Charenton, near Paris, and in 1829 became connected with the Beaufort Ironworks, in South Wales. In 1836 he commenced practice as a civil engineer in London, and was appointed in 1839 Secretary of the Institute. Mr. Manby was a Knight of the Legion of Honour, of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, of the Dannebrog, the Rose of Brazil, and of Wasa.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General Charles Erskine Ford, Colonel Commandant Royal Engineers, on the 27th ult., at Hampton Court Palace, aged seventy-two.

Mr. Arthur Mills Tarleton, M.A. (Cambridge), Queen's Advocate in Western Africa, barrister-at-law, on the home-ward passage from Sierra Leone, aged thirty-six.

Mrs. Page-Fryer (Helen Elizabeth), daughter of the late Sir Gregory Osborne Page-Turner, Bart., of Battlesden Park, Bedfordshire, and widow of the Rev. Charles Gulliver Fryer, of Sussex-square, Brighton, on the 2nd inst.

The Rev. Isaac Spooner, M.A., for more than thirty-six years Vicar of Edgbaston, Warwickshire, on the 26th ult., in his seventy-sixth year. He was second son of the late Richard Spooner, M.P. for Birmingham, by Charlotte, his wife, sister of Sir Charles Wetherell, M.P.

Colonel Joseph Oates Travers, late Leicestershire Regiment, youngest son of Sir Robert Travers, K.C.B., on the 23rd ult., aged forty-nine: had medal with clasp, Turkish Medal and Legion of Honour for Crimean War. He served also in the Afghan Campaign, 1878 to 1880.

Mr. Thomas St. George Pepper, of Ballygarth Castle, county Meath, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1866, on the 21st ult., aged forty-nine; elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hampden Pepper, and nephew and heir of the late Captain George Pepper, of Ballygarth Castle.

Mr. William Henry Christie-Miller, of Britwell Court, Burnham, Bucks, barrister-at-law, on the 30th ult., at Moira House, St. James's-place, aged thirty-three. He was son of Mr. Samuel Christie-Miller, of Craigentinny, Midlothian, at one time M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme: was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford.

Margaret Lady Herschel, widow of Sir John Frederick W. Herschel, the astronomer and philosopher, on the 3rd inst., at her residence, Hawkhurst, Kent. She had issue, three sons and nine daughters. Of the latter, her eldest daughter, Caroline, is wife of General the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, M.P., and Amelia, her fifth daughter, is married to Sir Thomas F. Wade, K.C.B.

The Rev. Charles Scott, M.A., Vicar of Seaton and Beer, Devon, recently. He was formerly a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a Wrangler. In 1856, he was elected Classical and Mathematical Master in Merchant Taylors' School, London, holding at the same time the living of St. Paul's, East Moulsey. He became subsequently Vicar of Chertsey, which he exchanged for Seaton and Beer.

The Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, at Harrogate, on the 30th ult. He was born at Hornby, Yorkshire, in 1813, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford; was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College in that University in 1840, and became Rector of his College in 1861. He was the author of "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750," in "Essays and Reviews," 1860; and of a number of critical and biographical works.

The Court of Skinners' Company have contributed twenty guineas to the funds of the National Association for promoting State-Directed Emigration and Colonisation.

Early on Sunday morning the steam-ship Dione, of Stockton, on her way down the River Thames, came into collision off Gravesend with a steamer supposed to be the Camden, of London, on her way up the river in tow of two tugs. The Dione sank, and ten of her crew and seven passengers are reported as missing.—Seventy-two persons, comprising Captain Quartley, the officers, crew, and seven passengers of the steamer Glenelg, which ran on the Ushant Rocks during a fog on Tuesday night, last week, were landed at Southampton on Sunday from the steamer Guernsey.



THEATRICALS IN THE OPEN AIR: "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT COOMBE HOUSE, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

Theatricals in the open air, in England at least, are a delightful novelty; and there is no play more suitable than "As You Like It." We must say that Lord and Lady Archibald Campbell, with all the clever ladies and gentlemen who assisted in the representation in the pleasant grounds of Coombe House, Kingston-upon-Thames, the week before last, are to be congratulated upon its entire success. The entertainment was got up for the benefit of the funds of a charitable institution. Mr. E. W. Godwin, at the request of Lady A. Campbell, had undertaken the whole arrangement and direction, for which he deserves thanks and praise, having selected the actors and actresses,

superintended the rehearsals, designed the stage and the auditorium, and attended to the dresses and other properties. The principal parts were assigned to Mr. Hermann Vezin (Jacques), Lady Archibald Campbell (Orlando), Miss Calhoun (Rosalind), Miss Annie Schletter (Celia), Mr. George Foss (Adam), Mr. Elliot (Touchstone), Mr. C. Fulton (the Duke), Mr. J. Tapley (Amiens), Mr. Bouchier (Oliver), Mr. Claude Ponsonby (First Lord), Mr. Edward Rose (William), Captain Liddell (Silvius), Mrs. Plowden (Phoebe), and Miss Fulton (Audrey). Colonel Gordon Alexander was acting manager, assisted by Mr. Percy Armytage. The music was

under the direction of Mr. Malcolm Lawson. Our Artist has sketched a few of the scenes of the play, which readers of Shakspeare may recognise; the one in the centre of the page is that where Orlando, with drawn sword, breaks in upon the picnic feast of the banished Duke and Lords, forbidding them to eat until food be given to his poor old servant Adam. In a grove of real "greenwood trees," on the lawn of Coombe House, these scenes had a natural and most agreeable effect. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, and the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, were among the audience at the last performance.



THE LATE MR. CÆSAR HAWKINS, F.R.S.,
SERGEANT-SURGEON TO THE QUEEN.

THE LATE MR. CÆSAR HAWKINS, F.R.S.

This eminent surgeon, who died at the age of eighty-five, was the fourth of his family exercising the same profession at the London hospitals, and holding in their day the post of Sergeant-Surgeon to the reigning Sovereign. The family is descended from Colonel Cæsar Hawkins, a gentleman of property in the midland counties, who commanded a regiment in the Civil Wars of Charles I. The first Baronet, created in 1778, was Sir Cæsar Hawkins, who had been Sergeant-Surgeon to George II. and to George III. The baronetcy has descended to a clergyman, who is a Canon of St. Albans. The late Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, born in 1798, was a pupil of Sir Benjamin Brodie, at St. George's Hospital, and succeeded him, in 1862, as consulting surgeon there. He was President of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852 and in 1861, and was author of some valuable treatises on physiological and anatomical subjects.

THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL EWART.

Vice-Admiral Charles Joseph Roderick Ewart, C.B., who died three weeks ago, was eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General Ewart, C.B., Colonel of the 67th Regiment. He was born in 1816, entered the Navy in 1830, and served as Gunnery-Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, and Commander from 1841 to 1855, in H.M.S. Monarch, Camperdown, Queen, and Trafalgar. He was present in the last-named ship at the bombardments of Odessa and Sebastopol. He commanded H.M.S. Melpomene from 1859 to 1863, and H.M.S. Cambridge (gunnery-ship) from 1863 to 1867. He was employed in the Monarch, in 1842, in the transport and conveyance of antique marbles from Xanthus, in Asia Minor; and again in 1861, when in command of the Melpomene, on similar service at Cyrene, in Libya, receiving the thanks of the Trustees of the British Museum. In 1859 he received the thanks of the Secretary of State for War for service in a committee on Ordnance. He was a Companion of the Bath, Knight of the Legion of Honour and order of the Medjidieh; he also received the Crimean medal, with one clasp (for Sebastopol), and the Turkish medals.



THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL EWART, C.B.



PRIVATE GALLANT, 8TH MIDDLESEX,
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON.

THE LATE HON. R. GODLONTON.

At Grahamstown, the capital of the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, on May 30, died, in the ninetieth year of his age, Mr. Robert Godlonton, proprietor and conductor, for nearly half a century, of one of the leading colonial newspapers, and long an esteemed Member of the Legislative



THE LATE HON. ROBERT GODLONTON,
OF GRAHAMSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

Council. He was one of the select band of English settlers, nearly four thousand, who went out from England and Scotland in 1820, by a special arrangement of the British Government, to occupy the Eastern Districts, the sum of £50,000 being voted by Parliament for their assistance on arriving in South Africa. They landed in April of that year, in Algoa Bay, and their descendants or successors, with a few survivors of the original settlers, now inhabit the flourishing towns of Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, East London, King William's Town, the old locations of Bathurst and Salem, near the coast, or form parts of the inland communities of Bedford, Somerset, Cradock, Alice, Fort Beaufort, and Queens-town, which are thoroughly British in character, differing considerably from the Dutch part, the Western Province of the Cape. The eventful history of their early struggles, as well for the defence of their lives and property against Kaffir incursions as for the creation of agricultural, pastoral, and commercial industries, in a wild region, and for the assertion of political rights as freeborn English citizens in opposition to arbitrary Colonial Governors, is well deserving of remembrance. The names of Freebairn, Pringle, Wood, Shaw, and Godlonton are among those of the founders of British South Africa—it does not care to be called "the Cape"—who will not soon be forgotten by their fellow-countrymen there. Mr. Godlonton's public services have been repeatedly acknowledged by testimonials of the esteem in which he was held in the Colony, and were not unknown to persons in England acquainted with colonial affairs.

Lord Rosebery has accepted the presidency of the seventeenth annual Trades Congress, which will open at Aberdeen on Sept. 8. He will give the presidential address on the 10th.

Our Portrait of the Rev. Edmond Warre, the new Head-Master of Eton, is from a photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders; that of the Rev. Dr. Greeves, the Wesleyan Conference President, from one by Messrs. T. C. Turner and Co.; that of the late Vice-Admiral Ewart, from one by Messrs. W. and D. Downey; that of Sir D. Taylor, Mayor of Belfast, from one by G. McKenzie, of Paisley; that of the late Hon. R. Godlonton, by C. J. Aldham, of Grahamstown; that of the late Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, F.R.S., by Barraud, Gloucester-place, Portman-square, that of Miss M. C. Dawes, M.A., by Mayall, New Bond-street; Professor Madame Kowalevski, by Dahlof, of Stockholm; and Private Gallant, Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, by Mr. Tuhey, of Richmond.



THE REV. F. W. GREEVES, D.D.,
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PRESIDENT.

The Rev. Frederick Greeves, D.D., president of the Wesleyan Conference this year, was born at Bedford in 1833. He was the son of a Wesleyan minister. He was educated at Kingswood School, entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1854, and his first appointment was for two years in the English work at Paris. His next appointments were for six years in London. He has also been stationed at Bradford, Oxford, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His ministerial career has been one of much acceptability and success; while he became early distinguished as a skilful and judicious administrator. In the superintendence of a circuit, and in the chairmanship of a district, he is conspicuous for his kindness, prudence, and business talent. His preaching is also much esteemed. He has done much work in various committees of the Wesleyan connection. As chaplain to Mr. Sheriff Smith, he is not unknown in the City of London.

THE CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT.

At the Wimbledon meeting of the National Rifle Association this year, the highest honours were won by Mr. Gallant, hairdresser, of Twickenham, a private in the 8th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, whose head-quarters are at Hounslow. He scored one point above his nearest competitors, Sergeant Taylor, of the 1st Lanarkshire, and Corporal Parry, of the 2nd Cheshire, in the final contest, and thus carried off the Queen's Prize, value £250, and the gold medal of the Association, with the championship for the year. Mr. Gallant is a volunteer of seven or eight years' standing, and has been thrice among the three hundred competing in the previous stage for the Queen's Prize; but this is the first time he has shot in the list of sixty admitted to the final test of superior marksmanship. His well-deserved honours are a cause of general congratulation among his neighbours in the western suburbs in London.

THE MAYOR OF BELFAST.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer, at his late visit to Belfast, conferred the honour of Knighthood upon the Mayor of that important city. The present Mayor, Sir David Taylor, is a Scotchman, born at Perth in 1815. He married Jessie,



SIR D. TAYLOR, MAYOR OF BELFAST.

daughter of Mr. John Arnott, of Greenfield House, Auchtermuchty, Fifeshire, sister of Sir J. Arnott, D.L., of Woodlands, Cork. He has been thrice Mayor of Belfast, in 1867, 1883, and 1884, and is a magistrate for the county of Antrim and the Borough of Belfast. He has also been for many years past Chairman of the Belfast Board of Guardians, and is a visiting Justice of her Majesty's prison for the county of Antrim, and a governor of the District Lunatic Asylum.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Voice Training Exercises, by E. Behnke and C. W. Pearce (Chappell and Co.). This is a valuable series of vocal studies, based on the principles advocated in "The Mechanism of the Human Voice," by E. Behnke, and the more elaborate work, by Mr. Lennox Browne, entitled "Voice, Song, and Speech." The exercises now referred to are entirely practical, and consist of four divisions, calculated, respectively, to develop the lower thin register, the lower and upper thin registers, the whole compass of the voice, and the command of embellishments and grace notes. The music is associated with different vowels and consonants, so as to cultivate verbal pronunciation as well as musical intonation. The exercises are published for each of the several ranges of voice—soprano, mezzo-soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass; and from their utility and cheapness they deserve to find a very large sale.

"Estelle," and "My Nellie," are two pleasing songs, with flowing melodies of thoroughly vocal character, by Ciro Pinsuti, whose productions have long been highly esteemed in drawing-room circles. They are published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., who also issue, "The Children's Island," a song, of a very expressive kind, by Alice Borton; and "Amarillis, Danse Joyeuse," a bright pianoforte piece by Hugh Clendon.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. continue to furnish fresh supplies for the use of organists. Their series of original compositions for that instrument has reached upwards of thirty numbers, and comprises pieces in various forms and styles, specially written by eminent organists. A similar series, from the same publishers, consists of original works by Gustav Merkel, a skilled performer, and a prolific and successful composer for the instrument. Mr. G. Calkin's "Soft Voluntaries for the Organ" (of which several books are published) may also be commended as being flowing and melodious, and well calculated either for practice or for use in church service. The composer of these has likewise done good service by his transcriptions from the works of Mendelssohn, skilfully adapted for the organ. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have also issued the 63rd Part of the "Organist's Quarterly Journal," which has now reached its eighth volume. Under the able editorship of Dr. Spark, the eminent organist of the Leeds Townhall, this publication maintains its value and interest by the production of original compositions, including many by its editor. All these organ works have an independent pedal part. "Thirty Melodies" for violin and pianoforte, by B. Tours, constitute a second set of pleasing and not difficult pieces, written for use in connection with the author's violin "Primer." These are also from the firm of Novello, Ewer, and Co., who have just issued—as one of their series of "Primers of Musical Biography"—a valuable and interesting memoir of Chopin, the great Polish pianist and composer for his instrument. The author, Mr. Joseph Bennett (the eminent musical critic), has written a concise yet comprehensive life of Chopin, full of characteristic anecdotes and illustrations of his peculiar genius; and the little book deserves to find a place in every musical library.

"Reveries Caractéristiques" are twelve pianoforte pieces by Claudius H. Coudery, published by Lamborn Cock. They are mostly in Nocturno style, full of expressive melody, and written with a thorough knowledge of the instrument. They are highly interesting as compositions, and well calculated to improve the mechanism as well as the taste of the player.

"In Autumn," by C. Oberthür (with German and English words), and "Beside the Sea," by G. Lardelli, are two very expressive songs, published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart. "Der Erste Kuss" (German and English), by A. Hervey, and "A Village Story," by J. De Sivrai; "Where is My Lov'd One" and "My Sweetheart," two songs by Charles Salaman; a melodious "Elegie" for the violoncello, by M. Hollman; and a sprightly "Valse Caprice," for two performers on the pianoforte, by F. K. Hattersley—all published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.—may likewise be commended.

From Mr. W. Czerny we have M. Faure's expressive sacred song, "Crucifix" (French and English words), for tenor or soprano voice, with pianoforte accompaniment, and *ad libitum* violin, violoncello, and harmonium parts—an impressive composition, which is also published in various arranged forms. The same publisher issues, as a pianoforte solo, a bright piece, entitled "Spring Flowers," by J. W. Gritton, originally written as a pianoforte duet; and two characteristic Hungarian marches, for two performers, and also as solos for the pianoforte, by D. Brocca.

French Songs for Children, composed by F. W. Davenport (the London Music Publishing Company). This is a series of twelve vocal pieces—to French words, with an English version by Lady Macfarren—well calculated to interest juvenile singers, and to improve their taste; the music, although simple, being the production of an accomplished composer.

THE QUEEN'S FORTUNE.

Truth, referring to the announcement it made last week, that the Queen is about to make a new will, says:—

Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate of Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased by the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago. The Balmoral property of her Majesty now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont was granted to the Queen for life in 1866, with reversion to the country; and her Majesty purchased the property outright three years ago for £78,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Coburg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place. With regard to personal property, Mr. Nield left the Queen over £500,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600,000; but the provisions of his will have been kept a strict secret, and the document has never been "proved." The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income, which has always been very well managed. Since the death of the Prince Consort, the general administration of the Queen's private affairs has been confided to Lord Sydney, who is a consummate man of business.

I have reason to believe that, in due course, application will be made to Parliament on behalf of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Indeed, there is to be a Royal message on the subject of Prince Albert Victor's establishment next Session. The country will not, however, be asked to provide for the younger members of the Royal Family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are already wealthy, and on the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha they will migrate to Germany; but the Connaughts, Albanys, Christians, and Battenbergs will look to the Queen for provisions; and so also will any of the younger children of Princess Alice who may happen to make poor matches. It will be seen, therefore, that the Queen will have plenty to do with her fortune, large as it undoubtedly is; and although, in the event of her Majesty's death, the country would be asked to provide for Princess Beatrice, yet she will naturally occupy an important place in her mother's will.

The Merchant Taylors' Company have sent a second donation of 100 guineas to Professor Monier Williams for the funds of the Oxford Indian Institute.

LITERATURE.

A very remarkable book about a very remarkable man is *Personal Reminiscences of General Skobeleff*: by V. I. Nemirovitch-Danchenko; translated by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts (W. H. Allen and Co.); a volume full of interesting anecdotes and of exciting as well as sickening and horrifying battle-pieces, in some of which—if not in all—the author participated as a war-correspondent, as well as a friend and comrade of the late distinguished general. Readers must not expect a coherent biographical sketch or a consecutive narrative of historical events. No order whatever is observed, no methodical arrangement has been attempted; reminiscences and descriptions have been flung together in the most casual and fragmentary manner. The author commences with a somewhat laboured and theatrical account of the effect produced in Moscow by the death of Skobeleff; and then proceeds to string together a series of independent stories concerning the general, his father (who was also a general, but junior in rank), his character, his popularity among the rank and file and his unpopularity among the superior grades, the jealousy he excited, the calumnies of which he was the object, the talents he displayed, the opinions he held, and the remarkable feats he accomplished. He died at the early age of thirty-seven, and he was already a general of seven years' standing: this fact alone speaks volumes. Unfortunately his death was not on the field of honour, but took place under circumstances which gave the lovers of scandal something to snigger about, even while his body lay exposed at the Hôtel Duseaux. But those circumstances were in strict keeping with his theories of life, which were very different from the views of Mrs. Grundy. In fact, whatever it may be right to say of the dead, there can be no doubt that Akh-Pasha, or the White General, as the Turks called him from the colour of his uniform, was a Bohemian of the looser sort, as well as "a splendid general, a generous man, and an original, if not always, perhaps, a logical thinker." It is curious to learn that there were two opinions concerning his courage: he was denounced as a coward by his enemies, or by some of them, whilst his friends declared that he was as complete a stranger to the sensation of fear as our own Nelson proverbially was. If he were a coward, it must be confessed that he showed it, as some nervous persons are said to show their nervousness, by an audacity which would have more than satisfied Danton. This accusation of cowardice, however, is frequently brought against the most unlikely personages. It may even have been brought against Ney, "the bravest of the brave," though it is difficult to recall an instance of such an accusation in his case; against the First Napoleon, on the other hand, it has frequently been brought; and against the Third Napoleon in a very famous historical work of our day. That Skobeleff, when suffering from bodily pain, did not always display that perfect stoicism and indifference which other heroes have displayed on similar occasions is evident from this volume under consideration, but he concealed his condition from his army in general, and probably revealed it to his confidential friends for the simple reason that he scorned to hide anything whatever from them, or to do anything that could appear to them like acting or like swagger. At any rate, it is not easy to know what during is, if Skobeleff were an example of cowardice: it was certainly a cowardice of a very rare and valuable description, such as prompts a man to deeds of surpassing valour from the very fear of betraying his real tendency. One great fault Skobeleff seems to have had as a general, and it is a fault that has been attributed to the First Napoleon; he cared not a straw how many lives he sacrificed to gain an advantage, or what seemed to him a fair prospect of advantage, though it sometimes turned out that the sacrifice was useless, the advantage could not be retained, "le jeu n'en valait pas la chandelle."

Some publications, among which may be numbered the two large volumes entitled *Fortunes Made in Business*: by Various Writers (Sampson Low and Co.), recommend themselves at once by their subject, and require nothing beyond a bare summary of their contents at the hands of a reviewer. Such works, for instance, as those with which Mr. Samuel Smiles has made us familiar, need no critical review; neither praise nor dispraise would be likely to have much effect upon their circulation; it would be enough for readers to know that the books were waiting to be read. And to the category of such books belong these two formidable volumes, which contain a vast amount of the information the majority of readers are most anxious to obtain, biographical sketches and anecdotes concerning persons who have made both fame and money in the field of commerce, industry, invention, and business in general. In so comprehensive a work no reasonable being would expect to find the elaborate details for which Mr. Smiles is remarkable; indeed, compilation has been very freely and professedly employed by the "various writers" whose contributions have been submitted to the revision and possibly to the manipulation of a competent, no doubt, though anonymous editor. The volumes are furnished, but not in every case embellished, with illustrations, chiefly portraits, some of which, it is to be hoped, are not to be considered "flattering" likenesses. There is an inclination to grudge the many pages devoted to a descriptive and historical account of Hornby Castle; the reader would much prefer to have the space occupied by another biographical sketch of some other "self-made man." The first volume will tell most readers a great deal more than they knew before about Mr. Isaac Holden, M.P., the woolcomber, who worked his way up from a collier's boy "to the ownership of a princely income, and a place in the British House of Commons"; about Mr. S. C. Lister and his patient and successful manipulation of "silk waste"; about the "Low Moor Company," whereof the partners worked to excellent purpose the property which had belonged to a celebrated breeder of racehorses, Mr. Leedes (*né* Rookes), who sold his estate, unwitting of the iron that lay imbedded therein, and put an end to himself in 1787; about Sir Josiah Mason, the inventive and benevolent, who, however, helped to corrupt the youth of the realm by the propagation of steel-pens; about the celebrated Sir Henry Bessemer, and his wonderful handling of steel; about Sir John Brown, of Sheffield, and the "Atlas Works"; about the Salts of Saltaire, and "the discovery of alpaca"; about the Peases, of Darlington, and their many industries, and the claim of Edward Pease, the founder of the family's commercial greatness, to be called "the father of railways"; about the Fisons and the Forsters, of whom the Right Hon. W. E. Forster is so well known to the public; and about the Fieldens, of Todmorden, and their position in the kingdom of cotton. In the second volume there is a most interesting though necessarily brief account of the Forsters, of Queensbury, Yorkshire, lords of the spindle, the comb, and the loom; of the Gladstones, of Liverpool, who may now be said to rule England in the person of their most distinguished kinsman; of the Brights, of Rochdale, who have given us the most original and most powerful of our living orators; of the Cunards, who may be said to have farmed the Atlantic, and to have found the sea less "barren" than old Homer imagined; about the Busses and the Burton brewers in general, whom to name is to feel an insatiable thirst, and about a few other personages whom it would serve no useful purpose to specify.

THE ART OF DOING NOTHING.

The Art of Doing Nothing is one that cannot be practised too early. Some men, no doubt, seem to have a natural genius for it; they take to it so kindly that one is tempted to believe it was born with them. This is not wholly the case, though, of course, the power successfully to do nothing may be given to some persons and not to others. It may be in the blood, but it must be developed by training; and there are some schools, chiefly private, which are well fitted to give a sound knowledge of the art. To learn by rote instead of through the exercise of reason, to perform perfunctory tasks which lead to no results, to commit to memory long strings of unconnected and unexplained facts, is the best discipline in the world for turning out masters of the art we are considering. In the last century, too, our Universities trained in this way many highly efficient pupils. Gibbon would have been one of these had his aptitude for the art been equal to the skill exhibited in instructing him. His tutor did his best to teach him nothing, and would have succeeded if the future historian had learnt the lesson properly. For awhile it left an impression. "I spent," he writes, "fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." What Gibbon learnt at Oxford, the poet Gray gained a like knowledge of at Cambridge. Writing to his friend West he says:—"Almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business." But it was Gray who said in after years, "To be employed is to be happy," so that he would appear to have lost the art he once found amusing. One suspects, however, that he never quite lost it. Gray was the most learned man of his time, but he dawdled with his learning so that, apart from the amusement it afforded him, little came of it. He made many plans, but kept none of them; and in accepting the chair of Modern Literature and Modern Languages at his University, followed the example of his predecessors, and never delivered a lecture. At a later period, one of the busiest men of our century had the chance of learning to do nothing at the University. "All I learnt at Oxford," said Southey, "was a little swimming and a little boating."

Education, it will be seen, can help a man to do nothing; but usually the art is self-taught, and, strange to say, the most proficient scholars are unconscious of their skill. There is a restless activity and fussiness about some people which is only the counterfeit of work. They appear to have their hands full; but if you look a little closely you will see there is nothing in them. Their tread-mill sort of movement is not progress; their labour is purposeless; and yet one has not the heart to tell them that this eager bustle is only a troublesome form of idleness. It must not be supposed that a man is idle simply because he appears to be unemployed. When the Westmoreland peasant said that Wordsworth was "always booing about," he probably thought him a very idle sort of person; when Burns on one memorable night lay stretched upon some corn-sheaves, with his eyes fixed on a particular star, the Ayrshire rustics may have thought him not idle only, but daft; yet we know now that Burns was making verses then which will last as long as the language. Scott, who was not only one of the best but one of the most industrious writers of any age, did not find, as some poets have done, that he could often think to purpose "by lying perfectly idle," but found it best to stir up his mind by taking a light book or a walk. A living poet, on the other hand, whom we wot of, smokes for inspiration, and sits with his pipe as companion for long hours to all appearance doing nothing, yet while his bowl is constantly being refilled so also is his brain with teeming fancies. The mind may be fruitfully at work when the body rests, yet it is strange what a dread some people have of being surprised with their hands folded. The man who knows how to do nothing skilfully is never caught in this quiescent state. Real labour is his detestation, but he likes to play at it. "Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?" the Fool asks Lear, and the discrowned King answers, "Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing," which is true in one sense and false in several. There are men whose reputation rests upon it: books, articles, and, if we may venture to say so, even sermons that have no other foundation. People often declare in an offhand way, upon throwing down a volume, that there is nothing in it, and there may be much sober truth in the saying. Mere print is nothing, mere words are less than nothing, unless writer and speaker have a purpose and know how to express it. It was said of an empty-headed orator that he aimed at nothing, and hit it. Men of some learning, too, have often successfully aimed at the same mark. "Consider the old schoolmen," writes Carlyle, "and their pilgrimage towards Truth; the faithfullest endeavour, incessant unwearied motion, often great natural vigour; only no progress: nothing but antic feats of one limb poised against the other; there they balanced, somersaulted, and made postures; at best gyrated swiftly with some pleasure, like spinning Dervishes, and ended where they began." The Earl of Rochester, by-the-way, wrote a poem upon "Nothing," which contains seventeen stanzas. It is laboured and must have been hard to write; it is also hard to read, for Rochester has been faithful to his theme throughout.

To pass from a poor poem to a delightful novel is a pleasant transition. There are few ordinary topics which Jane Austen's inimitable stories do not illustrate. Open "Mansfield Park" and you will find in Lady Bertram an admirable and conscientious mistress of an art in which, if women strive to acquire it, they are almost certain to succeed. Throughout the novel she shines in this way, and we have a glimpse of her sofa-like existence upon her husband's return from the West Indies that is delightful. Her children, as all readers will remember, had been unpleasantly surprised by his sudden advent, but his wife was really extremely happy to see him. "She had been almost fluttered for a few minutes, and still remained so sensibly animated as to put away her work, move pug from her side, and give all her attention and all the rest of her sofa to her husband. She had no anxieties for anybody to cloud her pleasure; her own time had been irreproachably spent during his absence: she had done a great deal of carpet work and made many yards of fringe."

Our grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, who drew landscapes in worsted work, and formed, by a process infinitely tedious, shepherds and sheep in wool, must have surely had a fellow-feeling with Lady Bertram. Life being, as we all know, so interminably long, it might be admissible to spend a few years of it in these patient misrepresentations of nature.

Doing nothing when it ceases to be an employment will be found at times an agreeable recreation. As we write, one can see with the mind's eye busy barristers and Q.C.'s dreaming under the shadow of trees, head-masters lolling by the sea-side reading novels and smoking cigars, merchants sailing or rowing with as much indifference to money-making, shall we say as poets? clergymen in clerical attire, sauntering idly about the lonely streets of mediæval cities, and M.P.'s whose most imperative occupations are a sea-bath in the morning and a game at lawn-tennis in the afternoon. So be it, for the month has come round in which even indolence is honourable, and hard-worked men may legitimately enjoy the dreamy pleasures of the loto eater. J. D.

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 Cure of the Marchioness de Bréhan, Versailles, of seven years' liver complaint, sleeplessness, palpitation, and the most intense nervous agitation and debility, rendering her unfit for reading or social intercourse.

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 Consumption, Asthma, Cough, Dropsy, Deafness, on which I spent thousands of pounds during twenty-five years in vain, have yielded to this divine food, and I am now restored to perfect health.—Mr. JAMES ROBERTS, Wood Merchant.

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DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

"Have some ale, Squire?" said Parson Pengold, genially.

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING.



result of the quarrel between Francis Carew and his guest, though it did not strike the former as being in anywise peculiar, was in reality singular indeed—at least so it would strike most people. A guest who has been violently assaulted, and still more violently insulted, does not, as a rule, continue to make use of a hospitality that has been so unpardonably outraged. The temper of Captain Quickset, however, proved to be simply and absolutely sublime. So far from shaking off from his elegant shoes the dust of Hornacombe (of which Mrs. Drax left unfathomable accu-

mulations) he remained to eat, drink, and sleep, as if to have been called blackguard, cur, and coward, and to have been shaken like a rat besides, meant nothing at all. A brave man, who has proved his courage both in the field and at twelve paces, may no doubt afford to put up with much that an ordinary man is bound to resent; still there seemed something almost unearthly about such superiority to the usual infirmities of human nature. A very Quaker of Quakers would, one would think, have yielded to the old Adam under such provocation; this British officer simply smiled, and passed it by. Even if one ascribed his attitude to a magna-

nimous spirit of tolerance for the weaknesses of a friend in a rage, it does not become less admirable in the sense of less wonderful; for the British Army was not, in those days, officered by students of the arts which soften the manners and forbid them to be brutal.

He must also have been supernaturally superior, not only to insults, but to *ennui*. He was no reader, no sportsman; and, now that his host was treating him with a contemptuous silence, he had nobody with whom to exchange a word or a card. Anyone would think that, sprain or no sprain, he would have taken to his heels—for there was absolutely nothing for him to do but drink, and he was no sot, whatever else he might be. A man who always holds winning cards is no slave of the bottle, one may be sure. As for another visit to Nance Derrick, that game had ceased to be worth the candle; or, more literally, the amount of sand he would have to swallow on the way, to say nothing of the certainty of another shaking. Yet he stayed on at Hornacombe, and showed no signs of loss of self-respect in his bearing—perhaps he felt none. Host and guest met at dinner time, and then all the outward discomfort was on the former's side. Francis hurried through his beef or mutton, and escaped as soon as possible into his own den or the open air. Quickset lingered, digested, and seemed as much at ease as if he were in the most cheerful of company. How he contrived to exist without talking was the most wonderful of all. But he did so, and altogether showed such a capacity for adapting himself to circumstances that Francis wellnigh eclipsed even his powers of self-control by not turning him out of doors. Perhaps he must have done so, were there not something altogether so incomprehensible, and therefore beyond all ordinary relations between host and guest, in the attitude of a brilliant man of fashion, a companion of dukes and duchesses, who, for no imaginable reason, continued to bury himself alive at Hornacombe, alone with a man who had insulted and chastised him, with nobody to speak to, with nothing to amuse him, and with nothing to do.

Of course there are always reasons why the finest of gentlemen may find it convenient for a time to remain in hiding. But, even so, the whole united force of a man's debts cannot so completely crush the spirit out of a British officer that he will contentedly eat the bread that is tossed to him out of

contempt any more than it will inspire him with miraculous serenity. No—there was no accounting for the matter at all; and with the purely unaccountable no man knows how to deal, let alone Francis Carew, who had entered into that new and wonderful world wherein no man any longer knows himself, much less others. After all, could anything be one half so wonderful as the mere existence upon the face of common earth of such a being as Mabel Openshaw? Meanwhile, Captain Quickset fell into a sort of routine. He rose very late; dawdled for a good hour over a single mouthful of breakfast; had a chat with Mrs. Drax: then, if it were rainy, he would make an elaborate toilette and do nothing; if fairly fine, would make an elaborate toilette and stroll on the sands—not the dunes, but the fine, firm sands from which rose old Horneck's steeple, and which made the finest promenade in the world. Thence, with a never-failing appetite, he returned to the beef or mutton; disposed of a couple of bottles—or it might be three—in perfect satisfaction with his own company; took a hand with himself at "patience"; and went to bed early. Nor could so serene a spirit, exercised in such vigorous air, fail to ensure sleep enough to dispose of pretty nearly half its owner's time.

But how Francis Carew got through the remainder of that week he himself scarce knew. It was all a string of negatives. He did not go to Derrick's, because he was somewhat ashamed of what had taken place there; and because also he was smarting under Quickset's suggestions as to his relations with Nance; and because, finally, he felt very differently from heretofore about the propriety of the Squire of Hornacombe putting himself on an equality with his servant's daughter. Nance was a good girl, of course; but—well, that was all the more reason why her solitude should be respected; indeed, he ought to have thought of all that long ago—so he told himself now. It was not a case of being off with the old love before being on with the new, because there was no old love to be off with. Still she had unquestionably been a good deal in his life while life was not worth living, and even friendship with another girl seemed incompatible with such exclusive devotion as Mabel inspired. True, he had been on his way to talk with Nance when he quarrelled with the Captain; but the whole scene, as soon as his blood cooled, left an impression of general disgust with everybody concerned, himself included.

In short, the quarrel was, as it were, a fitting finish to a chapter which, though it had been but half read, he desired never to open again—his so-called life before Mabel had changed unconscious night to conscious day. For a second negative—he avoided the village: though the tavern parlour and its idle company (idle at least except of moonlight nights and stormy days) were fit enough for the Squire of Hornacombe, they were simply odious to Mabel Openshaw's lover. For a third—but there is no end to saying what a man does not know.

But as to what he did do—he lived. People who have never done that may not think it much; people who have, if only for a hour, know it to be everything. He needed no company, he was not even weary of his own; and this was no doubt the real reason why he did not turn Captain Quickset out of doors. Jealousy had vanished now—it was impossible that an angel would deign to give a glance to a cur. He was impatient to see her, and yet there was a joy in the present that seeing her might break. Better might follow, but no first draught of life can ever come again; one instinctively dwells upon it, as knowing that, though first may be far from best, best that is not first also lacks the fullness of perfection.

Next Sunday arrived at last. I have not—for life is not long enough for the history of moments—written out the invisible chronicles of whole days with nearly ninety thousand seconds in each of them; all ending in the impossibility of calling at the Vicarage, simply by reason of the very greatness of his desire. It was not that he lacked courage, or even daring; but the braver the soldier the more his heart will beat at the thought of coming into the presence of his Queen. And then there was the fear—how was she thinking of him, if deigning to think of him at all? Perhaps he might see her by chance; he made himself opportunities, but he knew nothing of her habits, and, anyhow, he failed. But the Vicar's daughter would certainly be at church on Sunday, and he might meet her thus on common ground, without the meeting seeming to be of his own making. So, long before the Captain was out of bed, he was engaged upon the most elaborate toilette he had ever made in his life, in the hope of undoing, by ever so little, the bad impression he must have made upon Mabel by the rags, and worse, in which she had last seen him. After an hour's labour, the result was about as unsatisfactory in his own eyes as it could well be. His only too faithful mirror (though cracked, still only too faithful) showed him only a face with rather large and heavy features, all florid and tanned, looking, it seemed to him, as rough and coarse as a Stoke Juliot smuggler's, while his big brown hands, as he sadly contemplated them, looked no more fit to touch a lady's than hers to grasp an oar. And, alas, he had no gloves: they must go as they were. Nor was the best costume he could gather together fit to call a suit in comparison with the Captain's worst. Coat, waistcoat, pantaloons had been made by some country journeyman tailor, had never fitted him in the beginning, seemed to have shrunk amazingly during their retirement at the bottom of the hair trunk in which they had come to Hornacombe, and had been crumpled into a thousand creases. Still, there was no help for it—the clothes were his best, and on they must go. "I suppose Quickset's clothes grow on him," he thought, with envy that vainly tried to pass itself off for contempt, "like the feathers on a fowl. And to fancy I thought myself well dressed when I first put these things on! And the worst of it is that it isn't so much the clothes in fault as the man inside them."

And so forth, after the immemorial manner of the ass who was jealous of the spaniel, and thereby earned an uncomplimentary meaning for his honest name. It is true his coat was old fashioned and badly fitting, his complexion rough, and his ungloved hands large and brown. But a light had come into his face these last days, an upright ease into his carriage, and a firmness into his step that enabled him to triumph, unconsciously, over even such all-important things as clothes. Nobody ever sees a real man's coat, or a real woman's gown—at least, nobody except the few millions whose eyes are of no consequence at all. Indeed, till Francis Carew reached the churchyard, there was nobody to see his coat or himself either.

There was something in the morning's achievement, even for a lover, who is traditionally bound to dare and do all things, however great they may be—nay, even however small. Perhaps those women who expect much do not always realise how much easier and altogether less a thing it is to bring a glove out of a lion's den than to stoop down in a field and to pick a flower. It would have been easy to climb the Oxhorn for Mabel's sake; or, at least, easy to try: it was not by any means a small thing for a man who had always spent Sunday morning in loafing like a vagabond, and dressed like one, on the sands, with a contemptuous defiance of public opinion, to put on a coat all tight and raw, and face a public opinion expressing itself in buzzes and stares. Nothing is so easy as doing right as doing wrong; but there is even more loss of self-respect in beginning to do the former as in beginning to do the latter; and it is that which makes doing right the harder. Few men are strong enough to turn respectable without a sense of shame—especially if, like Francis Carew, they go to the church for quite other ends than the sermon or the prayers. So he had done a really courageous thing; though he did not wholly realise it until he felt himself the focus of some four score stares. The Squire of Hornacombe in church! It scarcely seemed right, so opposed was it to every recognised natural law. And when Parson Pengold, tumbling into the reading desk all late and perspiring as usual, nodded to him, and began the service with a "That's right, my lad—When the wicked man," he felt inclined to forget where he was, and swear.

For, alas, he had cause. He had gone through all this morning's labours of Hercules for nothing, after all. There was no Mabel. Nay, by the end of the first Lesson, there was no Mabel: and by the end of the second, there was no Mabel still.

"I publish the Banns of Marriage between Cornelius Hale, bachelor, and Tamzin Craddock, spinster, both of this parish: if any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in Wedlock, ye are to declare it: and I only wish somebody would; for this is the third time of asking; and though Tamzin's an ungrateful hussey, and wastes more than she saves, she'll be no sort of good as a wife, and there isn't another girl in the parish I'd care to have in my house—not one. Well, she'll repent of it, that's one comfort, before she's many months older. *Sine Cerere et Baccho, friget Venus*—and *Facilis descensus Averni: difficilis redivit*. I had meant to preach this morning a sermon on the married state; but there was so much to say that I must take another week for it at least—and it's of the less consequence because I might preach and preach till Doomsday in this parish, and nobody be the better, for anything I can see from year's end to year's end. So you'll have to do without a sermon for once; and you can go. Mr. Carew—I'll see you in the vestry, if you'll come round."

It cannot be said that Francis Carew had obtained much good from his solitary lapse into churchgoing. The building itself seemed but a poor sort of a church as compared even

with old Horneck's steeple; the hymns very sorry music after the vague anthem of the waves; Parson Pengold only sufferable because he did not add a sermon to his other offences.

"Have some ale, Squire," said the latter, genially. "I'm sorry I wasn't able to preach to-day: but we must manage better luck next time. I hope your friend the Captain didn't pitch your expectations too high—anyhow, you've not been disappointed. *Hosô pleon hêmîsu pantos*, you know. Let me see—what did I preach last Sunday? I forget, though—the red cow was ill: and the Sunday before I'd run out of ink—however, it doesn't matter. I'll promise you a double one next time—and I really can preach, and do preach—when I do. But what's the use? There was a time when I thought I should preach myself into a mitre: but that's long ago now. Its no use for a corpse to preach to farmers. There's no good in anything besides pigs and Greek, and not much in them. *Vanitas vanitatum—Vanitas vanitatum*. Have some ale."

"I trust she—Miss Openshaw: that she was not kept from church by being unwell?" asked Francis.

"Mabel? Unwell? Not she. Oh—you were expecting to see her at church, eh? She never goes."

Nor, of course, did Francis: but that did not prevent his feeling a little taken aback, not to say shocked, at finding Mabel Openshaw no better Christian than himself, and at the Vicar taking it as a matter not worth mentioning. "Not go to church?" asked he—despite his own example, he would almost rather have heard that she had a headache or a cold, so inconsistent are men, whether in love or no.

"She's a Papist," said the Parson. "She found out that part of her own story: and she's chosen to take up with what she calls her mother's religion—though she knows as much about it as she does of her mother, between you and I. That's a woman all over—the less she knows, the more stubborn she'll be. There's Tamzin—I've talked to her about marriage till you'd think she'd turn nun; but just because she knows no more of marriage than she does of logic, marry she will."

"A Papist!" exclaimed Francis, connecting the idea with nothing definite but squibs, crackers, and a bundle of rags, and with nothing indefinite but white sheets, thumbscrews, and certain captivating pictures in his mother's copy of Foxe's Martyrs. "And you a clergyman!"

"Oh, I've done my duty, of course. But if the other side won't argue, what are you to do? She don't even understand Latin: and how are you to reason with anybody that don't understand Latin? I can't even get her to see the bearings of a syllogism in *barbara*—imagine such a case, if you can!"

"Is that necessary?" asked Francis, rather appalled: for he also, did not see the bearings of a syllogism in *barbara*.

"But after all—what does it matter?" asked the Parson, pitching away his surplice. "The only thing Socrates knew was that he knew nothing. Because we can't make a blind man see, that's no reason we should tell him to be—hanged. There's hope for everyone—unless, of course, he's a farmer. But come now—you're a man who's got brains, though they want using: though you don't know much about pigs yet, you showed me plain enough the other day it's not for want of brains. Now you've found your way to the church and the sty, we shall be friends. I had friends once, Squire—when I was as young as you. But that's so long ago now that I've as clean forgotten them as they've forgotten me; and that's just the only clean thing in a dirty world. I don't want Greek in a man, or straight laces, so long as he is a man, and not a farmer, nor a Frenchified cockney, like your friend. I took to the lad at first, till he showed the sort he was by putting his cambric rag to his nose at an honest porker, and quizzing (that's the word, I believe) a man old enough to be his father, not to speak of my cloth, at my own table, and over my own port wine. Ay, and trying to put up Mabel to quiz me too. I'm not a fool, lad; and if I can see through a pig, I can see through a monkey. . . . You're another sort. You're ignorant, but then you know it; you're modest before your elders and betters; you're shy with women; and, living in Stoke Juliot, one may be sure one knows the worst of you. Look here. I'm getting anxious about that girl. She's getting a woman, and I'm getting old—leastwise, I must begin to think about getting old before long. What's she to do when I'm gone? And then I don't want to lose her out of the parish. I've got used to her, in a sort of a way. I'll tell you what it is, lad," he went on, dropping into the accent of the country more and more. "It isn't good for a man to be alone. What you want to keep you out of mischief is a wife. Another gallivant like you made the other night, and you'll find yourself in gaol. But where to find one, say you? Well, take my girl—and some ale."

It was not the Parson's inconsistency in first preaching against marriage and then recommending it, nor his coolness in offering his penniless protégée to the wealthy Squire of Hornacombe, nor the aboriginal method of starting so delicate a business, that took Francis Carew's breath away. Consistency, unselfishness, and delicacy were not to be expected from Parson Pengold of Stoke Juliot, and Francis did not even miss them. A man who hesitated about entering suddenly-opened Paradise because he objected to the pattern of the door would be fastidious indeed.

"Take her!" he cried, so that, if any of the congregation remained, who did not chance to be deaf, they must have heard. "If Mabel—if she—would take me—I should be the happiest—more happy than I dare dream. Why, of course I loved her the first moment I saw her. So would everybody who had eyes. And of course you've seen it—I've felt as if 'This is Mabel's lover' were written all over me ever since that minute, for everybody to read plain. Thank you, Sir—for being my friend. But—no: it's impossible. I'm not fit for her. I'm a dunce: a bear: a boor. I might as well hope for an—Angel. No, Parson: she'll never look at me, I'll swear."

"Gammon, my lad. A girl's no more an angel than an ogre. A girl's a girl, my lad. I've found that out, anyhow. And I'll tell you the secret of winning a girl; for I've found that out, too. Treat her like a pig. Courtship's nought but pig-driving made easy. Be timid, and meek, and modest, and humble, and your pig will lead you a pretty chase along the road—first this side, now that, now down that wrong turn, then down the other, till by sunset you'll find your coaxing the brute has left you just where you were at sunrise—only dead beat, and fit for nought but cider. No—pig or girl, ring her Nose, and when she jibs, give the halter a twitch, and she'll go as straight as a pigeon and as gentle as a lamb."

So easily are bachelor's wives always ruled. . . . "Then—you think there is hope?" asked Francis, too eager to appreciate the niceties of metaphor.

"Hope!" exclaimed the Parson. "Why even a man that's hanged has hope—even I, though I'm Vicar of Stoke Juliot, have some sort of a hope, once in a blue moon, that—well, I can't call to mind what, just now; only it's got naught to do with tithes. I suppose it's some sort of a dream. . . . Don't go on hope, my lad; every man would be a bishop if hope was worth a straw. Faith's the thing that pays—*non sunt hæc timidis signa*. These battles are not for the shy, says Ovid, who knew. Come and take pot-luck, and then see if there's hope, or no."

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

While the rest of the household was at church, that fair heretic, Mabel Openshaw, who—herself sprung from a stormy sea—had inspired such a tempest in at least one human heart, sat in her bower; but not telling her beads, and not alone. As to the former, the poor girl, thanks to the singularity of her training, knew scarcely more than the most ignorant Protestant in all Stoke Juliot; and as to her not having the opportunity, this was the fault of Captain Quickset rather than her own. In short, his sprain was to-day quite well enough to enable him to extend his walks as far as the Vicarage itself, without the slightest pain. Well, indeed, was it for Francis Carew's peace of mind that he could not see through the church walls. And better still was it that his quarrel had prevented him from discovering what was now pretty manifest, that neither had those daily walks of Captain Quickset upon Hornacombe Sands been taken alone.

How could any girl, as he himself would have put it, fail to be captivated off hand by him? And—though he actually did put it so—there was more foundation for his conceit than men, who somehow never can comprehend the successes of their own sex, may readily believe. After all, unquestioning faith in oneself is a magnificent power. But, even were it otherwise, he was at any rate the nearest approach to the Prince from beyond the moor that Mabel had yet seen. There was literally nobody with whom to compare him but Parson Pengold and Squire Carew; for Mabel had lofty notions about her own unknown origin, such as must needs come to foundlings, and had no eyes for farmers and fishermen—as the wreckers and smugglers of Stoke Juliot styled themselves by courtesy. The Parson counted, of course, for no more than a father; the Squire for but a comic scarecrow. But Captain Quickset was every inch a gentleman and a soldier; he said so himself; and who should know better than he? He had a manner and an elegance that made him seem fallen into that rough and rude corner of earth from a higher world; and he had something of Othello's charm, as the unblushing hero of a thousand strange and perilous experiences. Hold a candle to the Moor as boaster and liar, of course he could not: but if Desdemona could swallow the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, Mabel could find no difficulty in letting her fancy take fire from less impudent yarns.

"To think that I," said he, "who have seen all the great beauties of all the countries—black, white, and brown, and never felt my heart beat a penny the quicker (though not for want of their trying): to think that I should have been conquered at last, just where I no more dreamed of danger than I dreamed of seeing—You! To think that I should be at your feet, just as if— But no; there's no wonder in it at all. I have always known that I should love like a—hero, if I ever came across a woman with eyes like yours. And I was bound to come across her at last, you know. There's always the one man somewhere for every woman, just like there's always the one woman somewhere for every man: only most people won't wait, and so get the wrong one. Yes: I love you like a hero: like a hero, Mabel, upon my life and soul."

"But—but it is wonderful," said she, softly, "all the same. . . . I don't know what to think: I don't know what I feel. . . . I suppose I ought to feel glad: and not frightened: but I don't, and I do. . . . What can make you care for me? And yet why should you say so, if it was not true?"

"My dear child—for the same reason that makes you care for me. That's why: 'Only 'tis that thou art thou, And that I am I', as I once wrote in a little poem, little thinking how true it would be—for 'Thou' meant nobody when I wrote it: I only wanted a rhyme for something: Vow, or Brow, or How, or Cow. . . . Oh, Mabel! To think that I, I, who have conquered so many hearts for which I care nothing—poor foolish hearts that they were—should have lost my own so entirely to one alone! I know what they must all have felt, now!"

He took her hand: which was idle for Sunday. And she let him hold it, for she had nothing else to do: and, knowing nothing of real gold, took for gold the first metal—brass, for example—that chanced to glitter. After all, what girl ever disbelieved the man who first told her that he loved her? How does she ever know how it comes about, or whether it is all done according to rule?

"I am at once the happiest and the unhappiest man on earth—on my life and soul, I am," he continued in his equable voice and with his unalterable smile, while he let his fingers rise and fall rhythmically upon hers. "That I love you and you love me, makes me the happiest man alive. But what on earth is to be done? You alone know the secret that, if it were once to get wind, would part us for ever. Of course I have trusted you with my life: of course I would trust you with a hundred lives—but that unhappy duel—no, not unhappy, since it has brought me to you—that fatal affair!"

What could she do but give his hand the faintest pressure back—what is woman's love worth, if it is not eager to console?

"You mean, nothing need part us," said he. "But"—

"A duel need not," she said, raising her eyes; "but"—

and she also paused.

"Think how I am placed, Mabel—dearest child! A gentleman who has to hide his head—a soldier who has to fly from the law! If such a thing had ever been prophesied of Caleb Quickset, I would have thrown a pot—a bottle, at the prophet's head, and told him he lied. . . . No, Mabel; I may look calm—we men of fashion get that way—but you could not call me calm if you could look within. You would see a Volcano. So don't try. If it were not for you, I should be at the other side of the world, finding the work for my sword among the French and the Indians (*they* know me) which an ungrateful country denies. . . . I know what you're going to say—Fly. But you might as well tell the bee to fly from the flower. How can I go to the Parson and say, 'I am the gentleman who ran an Illustrious Person through the lungs—give me Mabel, before you, as a magistrate, give me up to be hanged? He would have to choose between your happiness and his duty—between trying to save a ruined man and his own ruin. What a position for a worthy clergyman to be placed in, and for me to place him there! No, Mabel. If I speak calmly, it is with the calmness of despair."

It was only by slow degrees, and after several walks on Hornacombe sands, that Mabel became aware of having plighted her troth to a broken outlaw—to one whom poetry and woman call hero: man, and man-made law, term criminal. There was romance enough in her own history, even so far as she knew it, to make her ready enough with sympathy for any other romance that fell in her way; and nobody could have been bred up at Stoke Juliot without breathing into one's very bones a spirit of rebellion against all that called itself law. Perhaps the brilliant stranger might in vain have told her he loved her if he had not also thrown himself upon her protection against the bloodhounds from whom he was hiding. She had no very clear notion as to the precise name or rank of the Illustrious Person whose lungs had suffered from Captain Quickset's sword; but she had the impression of having received his whole confidence; and, after all, the knowledge of a name would have told her nothing.

"But you are safe here—indeed you are!" she cried. "Look at Cowcumber Jack—if there is such a man: nobody has ever caught him, though they have been trying for years. People are always doing wrong at Stoke Juliot—not paying their tithes, and all sorts of things; but they never get taken. You could hide in the woods, or in the caves!"

"Yes. I could do a hundred things—without you. I want to find what I can do with you, Mabel. I couldn't ask you to come and live in rocks and caves: though I have done it myself, and in woods with tigers, and caves with rattlesnakes, and thought nothing of it, for months at a time. Do you love me, Mabel?"

But that was almost too plain a question to suit the vague feelings with which she was inspired.

"I wish—I wish I could help you!" said she.

"Then—since you do love me—there is only one thing to be done. We must—Fly. No: don't start: lovers do it for less cause, in the *Bo Mong*, every day. I can't stay here much longer; and I won't leave without you. We'll go to Scotland as fast as post-horses can gallop, when their heels are well greased with guineas; and be tied as fast as a blacksmith can bind us, which is as tight as a parson, any day. Parson Pengold object? Not he—as if he won't be only too pleased! He'll have married his little girl to an officer and a gentleman, of whom he'll be proud when he comes to know all; and who'll some day be able to turn his wig into a mitre; and all without having the unpleasant necessity of having to commit his adopted son-in-law to Exeter Jail. I'll write to him when we're off—and he won't follow us, you may be sure, unless, for form's sake, in a coach and snails. Object, indeed! Why, he'll be on his head with pride and joy. If I went to him openly, he'd be bound to say no: and send me to jail, and may be to the gallows—ugh!—besides; but when he finds you married to me, and both of us out of harm's way beyond the seas, and all without bothering him—on my life and soul, Parson Pengold will be just the second happiest man in the world."

Did she love him? At any rate, this hour, in which all a heroic outlaw's passionate hopes were resting upon her, was not the time to say No—especially as the "No" might have been untrue. At the same time, so practical an answer as this was the last thing of which she had dreamed when he first varied the chronicles of his own deeds of love and war with compliments (to her all new and fresh, though as old as flattery) to her eyes and hair. She could not doubt his love. A man flying for his life does not, without the reason of reasons, linger where he fears to be found, or encumber himself with helpless and penniless beauty when he flies. And how, then, after all, could she dare, could she be so cruel, as to doubt that all was true?

She could not say No—not though it had to be said there and then, if ever at all. And it does happen now and then that a man is neither fool nor liar when he boasts of knowing women through and through.

And then all he had said, assuming his unquestionable, nay, proven sincerity, was all so just and wise. Had not the Parson himself been urging her marriage only within the last few days? Had not Heaven itself sent Captain Quickset here, as if in answer? And, even as a matter of duty itself, not to speak of generous mercy, what better could she do than thus repay her more than father's lifelong goodness by giving him a son who could help him, besides relieving him of a burden? If she were only at her needlework she could think all this out; with her hand passive in her lover's it could only flash from heart to mind, and back again.

"Yes," said she; for Captain Quickset, like a man who knows his work, had for once given her a moment's time for hesitation. "It is true—that he has spent more than he could afford upon me, and that I have never made him any return. And it does seem a shame; and I, who have no more claim upon him than — And he was speaking of it only the other day!"

"He speak of you as a burden? Of you, Mabel? No!" "Not as a burden. But he must have meant it. In fact, he as much as told me!"

"Well, Mabel?" "That unless—unless I married!" "Just so, dearest. But there's no need for you to put it on the score of duty. Love, dear Mabel, is Heaven's first law. Shall I go over the whole ground again? He wishes you to marry. Good. Here am I—the very man whom, if he knew all about me, he would choose; for his own sake as well as yours. This hand which holds yours can pull the strings that make great men seem to move themselves. I am now under a cloud; but my turn will come again. Ministers, and greater than Ministers, can no more do without Caleb Quickset than Caleb Quickset can do without Mabel Openshaw. Very well. If I go to Parson Pengold and claim you publicly—my life is in danger; we are parted for ever, and Parson Pengold is a ruined man. If we fly to Gretna Green, and then for a while abroad, all will be well, and Parson Pengold a Bishop before he dies, thanks to you. And—you would make me as happy as I should make you. Ah! to be my wife would be happiness indeed! . . . Mabel!"

"Now my lad," suddenly thundered from the kitchen entrance, "have a mug of ale after your walk"—(it was a good three hundred yards to the church)—"and then try your luck, both pot and kettle, one may say, *per paronomasian*, considering who makes the tea. 'Tamzin! some ale for the young Squire. Why, where's the wench? I forgot—of course she'll be half an hour getting home—as if a girl that's to be married in a week need waste her few minutes left of happiness on the fool she's to be chained to all the rest of her days. Never tie yourself to a woman, my lad. . . . I mean—I mean—I don't mean that, though. What I mean is—have some ale."

Mabel was thinking hard, or thinking that she was thinking hard, or else she would have seen her lover the Captain turn suddenly pale.

"I must spare the Parson all suspicion of collusion—or being accessory," he said hurriedly, in language curiously legal both for his cloth and for the occasion. "The less he sees of me the better—Good-bye, Mabel, dearest—but, as you care for my life and your own happiness—for my life, Mabel—not a word, not a hint, of what I have said to you! Meet me to-morrow—the usual time—Horneck's Steeple—the sands."

He hastily touched her cheek with his lips, sprang upon the broad window seat, leaped from the window, despite his sprain, and was off, as fast as if he were the French and Francis Carew were he.

(To be continued.)

The Select Committee of the House of Commons on Education, Science, and Art, which has concluded its labours, has decided to report in favour of the appointment of a Minister of Education for Great Britain.

At a meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in Burslem last week the numerical returns of Church membership were presented, showing the present state of Wesleyan Methodism in Great Britain. The total membership is 407,085, with 35,272 on trial, and 41,800 young persons in junior society classes. The net increase is 3281.

CHIESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F W C (Minden).—Your solutions are acknowledged in the usual place. We are obliged for the Problem and shall report upon it at our examination.

R M (Manchester).—Thanks. A notice of the book appears below.

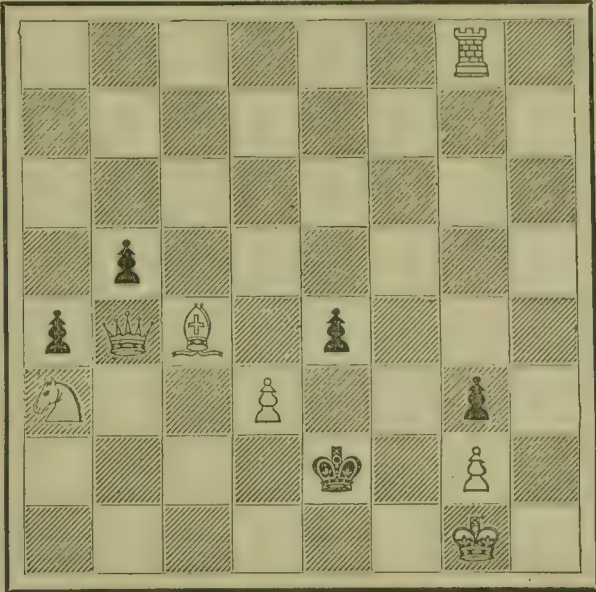
R B (Southend).—If Black play as you suggest, 1. P to Q Kt 3rd, what about White's rejoinder, 2. K to Q B 4th, discovering checkmate?

M G (New York).—A very neat position. It shall have due honours.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2092 received from Robert P. Sarnby (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2093 from Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2100 from Shadforth; of No. 2103 from J. B. Plude, E. J. Posno, and Congo; of No. 2104 from C. B. N. (H.M.S. Asia), W. E. Manby (Trentford), Tavernier du Dome (Brussels), Edward Wells, Congo, D. T. W. (H.M.S. Indefatigable), John Gittins, W. H. L., E. J. Posno (Hawtrem), and Howard B. Turner.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2105 received from J. R. (Edinburgh), S. Farrant, C. B. N. (H.M.S. Asia), Jupiter Junior, Carl Friedleben, H. H. Noyes, Shadforth, F. G. Parsloe, G. W. Law, Aaron Harper, J. T. W. F. M. (Edinburgh), Hereward, L. Desanges, E. Casella (Paris), J. Hall, P. G. Ware, W. H. Brooks, C. S. Cox, H. Wardell, F. Ferris, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R. R. Wood, R. J. Vines, Alpha, J. K. (South Hampstead), Howard B. Turner, N. S. Harris, A. M. Porter, James Pilkington, G. S. Oldfield, W. Dewse, I. Wyman, W. Haller, R. T. Kemp, Joseph Ainsworth, M. O'Halloran, D. W. Kell, Otto Fulder (Ghent), T. Greenbank, L. Falcon (Antwerp), M. Tipping, Plevna, Dr. F. St. Luis Calcano (Liverpool), John Gittins, A. G. Hunt, R. Tweedell, H. A. L. S. P. and G. Hewitt (Norwich), T. R. Holton, An Old Hand, E. Featherstone, Rev. W. Anderson, Pilgrim, A. M. Colborne, S. Bullen, E. H. Jumbo, L. G. Greenaway, Nerina, H. Blacklock, A. Karberg (Hamburg), W. Biddle, and R. Worters (Canterbury).

PROBLEM No. 2107.
By Dr. E. MULLER (Darlington).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

An offhand Skirmish played between Mr. J. H. BLACKBURN and Mr. ROBERTSON during the meeting of the Scottish Chess Association last week.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Q to Kt 5th	Q to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. K to R 2nd	R takes P
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. Q to Kt 4th	Q to B 2nd
4. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q to Kt 2nd	R to B 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. P to K B 3rd	
6. P to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd		
7. B to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd		
8. B takes B	P takes B		
9. P to Q 3rd	Castles (K R)		
10. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd		
11. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to K R 4th		
12. B takes B	R takes Kt		
13. P takes R	R P takes B		
14. Kt to Q 2nd			

Necessary to prevent the Black Knight being posted at K B 5th.

R to K B sq

An outlet for the Queen was wanted, when Black plays the R to Kt 3rd.

There is no good answer to this coup, so White struck his colours.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (A. Steinkühler).	BLACK (C. Brevig).	WHITE (A. Steinkühler).	BLACK (C. Brevig).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. K takes R	Kt to Kt 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P to K 4th	24. K to Kt sq	B to Q 2nd
3. P takes Q P	Q takes P	25. B takes B	Q takes B
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q sq	26. Kt to K 5th	B to K 3rd
5. P takes P	B to Q Kt 5th	27. Q Kt to K 4th	Kt takes Kt
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	28. R takes Kt	P to Q B 4th
7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th	29. R to K B 4th	R to K sq
8. B to Q Kt 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	30. Q to K B 2nd	B to Q 5th
9. Castles	Castles	31. Kt takes B	Q to Kt 3rd
10. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	32. P to K R 3rd	Q to Q 6th
11. B to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	33. Kt to K 5th	Q to Q Kt 5th (ch)
12. Q Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q Kt 5th		
13. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q 4th		
14. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd		
15. Q Kt to Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th		
16. P takes P (en pas.)	Kt takes P		
17. Kt to K 5th	B to K 3rd		
18. Kt to Kt 6th	R to K B 2nd		
19. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q 4th		
20. Q R to K sq	B to Q 3rd		
21. B to K B 4th	Kt to K R 2nd		
22. B to K 5th	Kt takes R (ch)		

The grand handicap tournament of one hundred competitors at the City of London Chess Club was brought to a conclusion last week. The result is that Messrs. S. J. Stevens and George A. Hooke, both of the third class, have tied for the first prize, with an equal score of seven and a half out of a possible nine. Mr. F. W. Lord (second class), with the score of seven, takes the third prize; and Messrs. Heppel and Stiebel have tied for the fourth prize. The other prize-winners are Messrs. E. A. Coombe, J. H. Taylor, W. C. Coupland, E. J. Smith, and H. Fryer, in the order named. It will thus be seen that none of the first-class players engaged in the handicap have secured a prize, an indication of great steadiness of play on the part of the "younger sort" at the City Chess Club.

Mr. Rhodes Marriott, junior, a Manchester amateur of known skill, has just issued a little compilation which he calls "The Chessplayers' Note-Book." It consists of blank diagrams for problems or positions in adjourned games, with spaces for solutions; also forms for solutions intended to be sent to the chess periodicals, and some for noting down games. We can cordially recommend the Note-Book to problem solvers and students of the game generally. It is published by the author, whose address is 95, Clifton-street, Old Trafford, Manchester; and the price is one shilling.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

A list of all pensions granted during the year ended June 20, and charged upon the Civil List, has been issued as a Parliamentary paper, the total being £1392. The list is as follows:—

Mr. Edward Edwards, in recognition of his valuable services to the cause of literature, £80.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in recognition of his distinguished literary attainments and his eminence as a poet, £250.

The Rev. Charles C. Southey, in consideration of the great literary merit of his father, Mr. Robert Southey, £100.

Mrs. Marie Antonette Moncreiff, in consideration of the narrow circumstances in which she has been left on the death of her husband, Commander L. N. Moncreiff, R.N., who was killed in the discharge of his duties as her Majesty's Consul at Souakim, £100.

Mr. Fred. James Furnivall, in recognition of his services to English philology and literature, £150.

Sir Richard Owen, in addition to the pension of £200 a year granted to him in 1842, in recognition of his eminent services to science, £100.

Mr. James Augustus Henry Murray, LL.D., in consideration and for the promotion of his valuable services to philology, especially in connection with his work as editor of the new English Dictionary, £250.

Mr. William Neilson Hancock, Q.C., LL.D., in recognition of his valuable services as a statistician, £170.

Mr. K. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., has succeeded Mr. Justice Wills as leading counsel to the Incorporated Law Society.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1883) of Mr. Hanson Freeman, late of Bilton Court, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire, who died on May 24 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by the Rev. George Edward Aspinall and Walter Freeman, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £142,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the Halifax Infirmary, the Harrogate Bath Hospital, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Church Missionary Society; 10,000 to his nephew, the said Rev. George Edward Aspinall; £10,000 each to his nieces, Mary and Edith Minnie Freeman, and some cottages and his share of certain lands in addition; £6000 each to his sisters, Mrs. Aspinall, Mrs. Wightman, and Miss Charlotte Freeman; and some other legacies. His mansion house Bilton Court, with the furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses, cattle, carriages, live and dead stock, and all the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, the said Walter Freeman.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 28, 1884), of Mrs. Jane Brown Grieve, late of Orde House, Berwick-on-Tweed, who died on May 5 last, at Southsea, was proved on the 15th ult. by Henry Fielder Johnson and Robert George Bolan, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £110,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Catholic Hospital of St. John and St. Joseph, Great Ormond-street, in affectionate remembrance of the late James Grieve; £10,000 to Major-General John Tatton Butler Brown; and numerous other legacies and annuities. All her real estate, including the west gallery in the parish church of Tweedmouth, all her copyhold and leasehold property, and the residue of the personalty she settles upon Captain William Samuel Brown, R.N., and any person who succeeds to the entailed estate is to take the name and arms of Grieve. Certain plate, pictures, and jewellery are to be held, upon trust, to go with Orde House; and among the latter is the gold snuffbox presented by Charles X. of France to the late James Grieve.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust, disposition, and settlement, dated Jan. 15, 1857, with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1862), of Mr. Alexander Blackwood, late of Leith, shipowner, who died on April 23 last, granted to William Blackwood and Alexander Blackwood, the sons, and David Waldie, the executors, has been sealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £90,000.

The will (dated July 18, 1883) of Mr. John Gordon, late of No. 29, Fellows-road, St. John's, South Hampstead, who died on June 2 last, has been proved by Mrs. Hannah Gordon, the widow, and George William Gordon and Alexander Duncan Gordon, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator bequeaths his jewellery, plate, household furniture and effects to his wife, and an annuity of £700 during life or widowhood; £5000 each to his son James and his daughters Ada and Annie; £4000 to his daughter Jessie; and an additional £5000 to each of his said children on the death of his wife. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, subject to a trust for accumulation, he leaves one fifteenth to his son George William; two fifteenths to his son Alexander Duncan; three fifteenths to his son John Walter; four fifteenths to his son James; and five fifteenths to his son Douglas.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1882) of Mr. Hugh Chaytor, late of Coatham, near Redcar, Yorkshire, who died on April 28 last, has been proved by Darcy Chaytor, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his said brother absolutely.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated May 15, 1879), with a codicil (dated Nov. 30, 1881), of the Hon. Otway Fortescue Toler, late of Durrow Abbey, King's County, who died on April 23 last, at Ryde, to John Maunsell and John Toler Roberts Garvey, the executors, has been sealed in London, the aggregate personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Toler, the use of certain furniture and plate, for life; to his executor Mr. Garvey, £1000; and annuities to his former coachman and the widow of his late steward. To his eldest son, Hector Robert, who succeeds to the settled estates, he gives certain rents accruing therein. He also bequeaths £1250 to the Representative Body of the Irish Church, for the permanent endowment of the parish of Durrow; and if he has not completed in his lifetime the church at Durrow which, at the date of his will, he intended building, his executors are directed to do so at the expense of his estate. The residue of his property he leaves to his second son, James Otway.

The will and codicil (both dated Nov. 29, 1882) of Mr. Henry Francis Cockayne Cust, J.P., formerly M.P. for Grantham, late of Cockayne-Hatley, Bedfordshire, and of Ellesmere, Salop, who died on April 5 last, at No. 51, South Audley-street, were proved on June 30, by Charles Donaldson Hudson and Brownlow Richard Christopher Tower, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator leaves his estate at West Wingworth, Beds, charged with £8000 in aid of his residuary estate, to go with the estate of Cockayne-Hatley, and he gives certain furniture and plate to his eldest son, who succeeds thereto. There are many specific bequests to his children, and a legacy of £5000 to his son, Adelbert Salusbury. The residue of the personalty he gives to his daughters.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1855), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1883), of Mr. Charles Schreiber, M.P., formerly of Canford Manor, Dorset, and late of Langham House, Portland-place, who died on March 29 last, at Lisbon, was proved on June 30 last by Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Schreiber, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to nearly £4000. The testator confirms the settlement under which certain of his property, subject to his wife's life interest, goes to his mother, and, if she predeceases him, to his brothers and sisters. All his real estate of every description he leaves to his brother Colonel Brymer Francis Schreiber, C.B.; and the residue of his personal estate to his wife. The deceased was M.P. for Cheltenham from July, 1865, to November, 1868, and was returned for Poole at the last general election.

The subscriptions to the Mansion House fund for the relief of sufferers by the earthquake in Essex amounts to £10,413.

Dr. Jones, Mathematical Professor of Carmarthen College, has been elected to the Theological Professorship of the college, rendered vacant by the death of Professor Morgan. The Mathematical Professorship has been conferred upon the Rev. W. J. Evans, M.A., who was candidate for the Latin and Greek chair at the New Cardiff University College.

The Long Vacation will begin on Wednesday, Aug. 13, and end on Thursday, Oct. 23, both days inclusive. One of the Long Vacation Judges (Mr. Justice Chitty and Mr. Justice Wills) will sit every Wednesday to dispose of urgent applications in Chancery cases; while on Tuesday and Thursday in every week a Judge will be in attendance at Judges' Chambers, Royal Courts of Justice, to take summonses and applications arising in the Queen's Bench Division.



THE CHOLERA AT TOULON: SCENE ON THE QUAY.

NEW BOOKS.

Entertainment alternates with information, interest with astonishment, to a very unusual extent, in the two volumes entitled *Russian Travellers in Mongolia and China*: by P. Piasetsky (Chapman and Hall), "translated by J. Gordon-Cumming." The translation is readable enough, on the whole, though it does not always go very smoothly, and doubts occasionally arise of its accuracy. As for the author, there is no beating about the bush with him; there is no wearisome introductory flourish; he at once plunges right into his subject, and at the bottom of the first page has already left St. Petersburg (in March, 1874), taken leave of his friends at Moscow, picked up two of his fellow-travellers, made his way to Nijni Novgorod, crossed the Volga, passed over the Oural mountains, reached Siberia, and halted at Tiumen, its first town. This is expeditious travelling, even in print, but the author is evidently a conscientious man who wishes to spare his readers, as far as he can, whatever is at all irrelevant to the real matter in hand. So that at the top of the fifth page, after a very vexatious incident which might have prevented us from so much as beginning our experience of China, for lack of that which is the sinews of travel as well as of war, we find ourselves at Kiachta, the frontier town, where we shake hands with "four Chinese," who bring with them "a strong and disagreeable odour of garlic and opium." It appears that the Chinese pronounce Kiachta "Tzaketon"; a fact, if it be a fact, which deserves the attention of the gentry who advocate phonetic spelling. At the end of the first chapter we pass our first night in Mongolia, a country in which, it appears, "one must not be too exacting on the subject of cleanliness, or pay any heed to the insects swarming on the ground." About fifteen months will elapse, and a great deal will be seen, heard, said, done, and suffered—especially suffered, before we reach the end of the second volume, and, regretting that we have no map with us all the way, or any of the way, leave "the official members of the expedition" to adjust their differences as they proceed on their road to St. Petersburg to give an account of their mission. But, if we have had no map, we have, on the other hand, had a host of illustrations, not countless, of course, but noticeably numerous, to enliven and elucidate the narrative. For these illustrations, it would seem, we are indebted to the author, who appears to be a doctor, an artist, and a writer, all in one, and to be equally able in each capacity. To his lancet and to his pencil, to say nothing of pills and paint, he owed much of the consideration he commanded, the favour he obtained, and the safety he secured, as well as the danger he sometimes incurred, during his long and adventurous journey; and, to judge from his example, the best passport anybody can carry in a strange country and among uncivilised people is a knowledge of medical practice and a proficiency in draughtsmanship—unless, perhaps, the gift of tongues be as good as either or better than both. And yet nothing surely can be better than the divine art which relieves pain, administers healing, and turns a Caliban into the most grateful and gentle of willing servants. As the contents of the volumes are to all intents and purposes the notes taken from day to day for a period of something like fifteen months, it will be sufficient to state that readers who desire to know as much as possible about Mongolia and the Mongols, China and the Chinese, whether in cities or towns, such as Peking and Kalgan, or in suburbs and waste places, where the people live the life of nomads in tents, will have their curiosity assuaged, if not appeased and satisfied, by a plentiful supply of the most singular and interesting details, pleasant and unpleasant. Unpleasant, for instance, it is to read (at page 95 of the first volume) that "there is a straight road across the imperial city which considerably shortens the way, but, unfortunately, it is forbidden to Europeans since an Englishman wantonly destroyed a statue." An account of a dinner at a Chinese restaurant may be worth studying, that the venturesome who have dined *à la Chinoise* at "the Healthies," or elsewhere, may compare experiences with the author, who enumerates more than a dozen courses, with dessert besides, from "swallow's nest soup" to "bladders of fish roasted, boiled cabbage stuffed with chestnuts, roast mutton and pigs' feet, with ham and holothurians" (sea-slugs?). Holothurians, be it known to whomsoever it may concern, "resemble leeches," and the Chinese eat them "with avidity." There was a want of harmony, it is said to relate, among the members of the expedition and their chief, and the author evidently felt that he was an injured being; but this detracts very little, if at all, from the value as well as attractiveness of his narrative.

To publish such a book as *Gone to Texas*: edited by Thomas Hughes (Macmillan and Co.) was a very happy thought. It is just the sort of volume that is often desired and seldom obtained. The contents of the volume are, for the most part, the pure, unadulterated, unmodified letters of three brothers, good specimens of "our boys," who went out to Texas to seek their fortunes, and of their sister Madge, who paid them a visit, and, scorning to be treated as a "young lady" for whom accommodation had been found in a neighbouring farm-house, insisted upon roughing it with her young brothers in their camp. The letters are "awfully" good, and more instructive than a sermon, a lecture, and an essay, all rolled into one; and the best of it is that they were not "written for publication," but without the slightest idea that they would ever "get into print." At the time when the eldest brother started on his venture, it was customary in the Northern States of the American Union to use the term "G. T. T.," which stands for "Gone to Texas," to describe the fate of a youngster who, as we have it, had "gone to the dogs;" and our Transatlantic cousins may still apply the words in the same sense. It is quite plain, however, that an English youth of the right sort, not inclined to "drift away to the gambling and drinking saloons," may go to Texas without going to the dogs, though he may have to work like a "navy" before he can make more than a bare livelihood. But the work is manly and healthy, and tends to the possession of a sound mind in a sound body. "I think," says the chief writer, "a fellow would have to be very steady and economical to save a hundred dollars a year out of his wages as herder or farm-hand: which is scarcely an encouraging prospect;" and the writer next in chiefness thinks that there was "a first-rate opening for an energetic go-ahead man," with "some capital," at Boerne, Kendall Co., Texas, at the time the letter was written, which was the end of 1883. The only thing, however, that appears to be quite a certainty is hard, rough, but wholesome labour for enterprising youths, "amidst surroundings," as the editor remarks, "which will try their mettle to the utmost." But let inquirers read the letters and form an independent opinion.

Arrangements have been made by the Committee of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society for the production of Wagner's "Parsifal" at the opening of their season in November next, when they will have the assistance of four of the distinguished German artists who were selected by the late Herr Wagner for the original performances of the work, given under his own direction at Bayreuth.

THE BROWNING.

Readers who have been scared from the study of Mr. Browning's poetry by "Red-Cotton-Nightcap" or "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" may be allured back to it by the new edition of *Selections from Robert Browning's Poetical Works, First and Second Series* (Smith, Elder, and Co.). There are several reasons why this poet's works should be studied. First, because, according to a distinguished member of a society that bears his name, "Browning is undoubtedly the profoundest intellect that has arisen as a poet since Shakespeare;" and next, because, if the reader does not know and love this poet, it is said to be an unmistakable evidence of his own incapacity. However, if he be not a confirmed disciple, it may comfort him to be told that one of the warmest admirers of this great master stands aghast and bewildered at the poems published since 1868, and that he is not asked to admire indiscriminately the many volumes published in Mr. Browning's name. All great poets need to be read again and again before it is possible to appreciate and enjoy their labours. There is, however, this difference between Mr. Browning and poets like Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth. In the latter instances we gain exquisite delight even on a first perusal, a delight which is increased as our knowledge deepens; in the case of Mr. Browning, the first reading of a poem is too often more of a puzzle than a pleasure. Of course we are bound to believe that the fault lies with us, and not with the poet; but the fact remains, and, indeed, is recognised, for it is stated in an address delivered at the inaugural meeting of the society that "every poem of Browning must be read three times," not, be it observed, to enhance one's enjoyment, but "to be understood." That the labour demanded from Mr. Browning will be repaid no one can doubt; and in the volumes before us there are many poems which exact no more than every one is bound to pay who is brought into contact with an original thinker and a creative mind. Mr. Browning is never likely to be a popular poet, but he has written some popular poems, and many more which, if they cannot be called popular, appeal to the highest aspirations of the intellect, to the deepest feelings of the heart. The fact that in different parts of "Greater Britain" twenty societies are engaged in studying and expounding his works testifies to Mr. Browning's vast influence, though it may not be altogether to the credit of his lucidity.

It is fitting and pleasing to notice, in company with the above, two small volumes of a *Selection from the Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, issued by the same publishers. Mrs. Browning, who died at Florence in 1861, had a powerful genius for lyric poetry; and a nobler spirit has never found expression in English verse, nor one more fully possessed with the highest conceptions of human dignity and moral duty. She had an intense faith in the Christian ideal of life, in the Divine sanction of truth and right, and in the progress of mankind, of nations as well as individual souls, towards the loftiest standard of excellence, in which view she sympathised courageously with the best efforts of social and political reform in the present age. Living with her husband in Italy, during those years of the protracted national struggle for liberty which only gained a secure ground of final success just before her death, she spent nearly her latest efforts in those "Poems before Congress," after the compromise of Villafranca, which helped, in spite of some crudeness of literary form, and the wildness of her admiring enthusiasm for the French military instrument of Italian purposes, to awaken some English minds to the crisis that was then imminent, on the eve of Garibaldi's heroic achievements in Sicily and Naples. But she had already, so far back as 1851, in her great poem of "Casa Guidi Windows," opened to view the whole prospect of the actual condition, the fresh sacrifices and sufferings, the unconquerable resolves and undying hopes of Italy, throwing upon it the strong light of intimate knowledge suffused with a passionate ardour for the vindication of a glorious cause. Mrs. Browning loved what she approved, and hated what she thought false and wrong, so vehemently that she could never be a philosophical poet, still less a merely æsthetic poet, or a mild sentimentalist amiably content to adorn the common topics of idyllic fancy. She felt roused to stern indignation in the dark days which some of us remember, when Hungary, Italy, and Poland were prison-houses and chambers of torture for all the lovers of their country, and when both France and Germany had been deprived, for a time, of their hopes of freedom. Much that she then wrote has long ceased to be applicable to the present state of Europe, but it is well that it should find place in this *Selection*. "Aurora Leigh" is not included here, though it contains some of her profoundest thoughts upon social questions affecting her own sex, and is likely to be studied with earnest attention in the present and in future times. The two volumes contain a very large number of the author's earlier and shorter poems, some of which are of abiding interest, and worthy of her imaginative genius, as well as of her brave and generous spirit. Their versification is far smoother and sweeter than that of her later compositions which treat of Italian politics, and in which her feelings certainly betrayed her judgment to mistaken estimates of contemporary public men. The ode to "Napoleon III. in Italy," though in her finest lyrical strain, was an enormous mistake, the rapturous effusion of a moment of passionate excitement, soon to be cooled by experience of the real situation of affairs.

REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

The Royal Humane Society have awarded their medal to T. Bevan, aged ten, for saving Mary Arnold and Mary Jones, young children, on the sands east of Barry Port Harbour, Carmarthenshire. Hector McClellan, aged thirteen, has also been awarded the medal for plunging off the quay at Great Stonehouse, with his clothes on, and rescuing two children.

Among the other recipients of the medals are Quartermaster Bell, of H.M.S. *Recliford*, for saving W. F. Hawke, on the occasion of a collision which occurred at Devonport; Mr. J. H. Harrison, for saving J. Trimmingham in the *Fosdyke Fen*, Coningsby, Boston, Lincoln; J. Prescott, A.B., of H.M.S. *Swift*, for rescuing J. Moore, A.B., of the same ship, at Amoy; Sergeant T. Egan, Royal Irish Constabulary, for saving J. Spillane, in Cork Harbour; R. Davies, for saving L. Horton, in the Canal Lock, Glamorgan; W. Richards, of the steam-ship *Ceres*, for a gallant attempt to save a boy in the canal at Cardiff; W. Haywood, aged thirteen, for saving A. Malpas, aged eleven, in the Canal at Stourbridge; J. Pigg, for saving G. M'Vay in the River Eden, Carmarthen; Lance-Corporal Sexton, 2nd West Riding Regiment, for saving Private Hayward, of the same regiment, in the River Sair, Cahir, county Tipperary; A. E. Mitchell, aged thirteen, for saving W. Plant, in the river Test, Redbridge, near Southampton; and J. Kellard, for saving W. Lane, in the Thames, at Rotherhithe.

During the absence of the Lord Mayor, who is about to visit Copenhagen, Alderman Sir A. Lusk will perform the mayoral duties at the Mansion House.

Sir Robert Rawlinson, C.B., will preside at the autumn congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, to be held at Dublin from Sept. 30 to Oct. 4.

THE CHURCH.

The Queen has intimated to the Church of England Young Men's Society that she will be happy to give the name of the "Leopold Church of England Young Men's Rooms" to the institution about to be formed as a centre for the society.

The Archbishop of York held a levée of his clergy on Thursday week.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has left London. Business letters for his Grace may be addressed to the Resident Chaplain, Addington Park, Croydon.

The Bishop of Rochester has left England on his way to the Rocky Mountains. Letters of importance should be addressed to his secretary, Mr. A. J. Day, 28, Great George-street, Westminster, S.W. The Bishop expects to be back the first week in October.

The Bishop of Truro has made an appeal on behalf of the building fund of the new cathedral.

The Archdeacon of Middlesex, on behalf of the parishioners of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, has presented the Bishop of Ripon with a cheque for £500, and intimated that some plate would be sent to Ripon. The Rev. S. Bickersteth, the Bishop's chaplain, has been presented with a gold watch and £170.

The Rev. Canon Thynne, Rector of Kilkhampton, Cornwall, has been presented with a silver tea service by his parishioners, in celebration of his silver wedding.

The last service at the Temple Church before the Long Vacation took place last Sunday. The church will remain closed until Sunday, Oct. 5.

The Company of Merchant Taylors have granted ten guineas in aid of the Thames Church Mission.

The Rev. G. W. A. Firth, M.A., Oxford, senior curate of St. Mary's Redcliffe, Bristol, has been appointed Minor Canon of Ely Cathedral.

Last week the corner-stone of the new church of St. Dionis, Parson's-green, Fulham, was laid by Miss Daniel.

The foundation-stone was laid recently of new schools for the parish of Upton, near Chester, by Miss Anne Humberston. They are to be presented by her and her family to the village.

The Rev. Alfred R. Clemens, Curate of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, has been appointed chaplain and head-master of the London Orphan Asylum, Watford.

The Rev. Dr. Liddon, being the Canon in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during the present month, will occupy the pulpit on the Sunday afternoons.

The Merchant Taylors' Company have given ten guineas to the London Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association, to assist them in the work in connection with the Diocesan Mission, 1884-5.

The Dean of Westminster having left town for some weeks, communications respecting the Abbey should be addressed to the Canon in residence.

The Rev. Professor Westcott will give a series of lectures on "Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament," in Westminster Abbey, on Friday afternoons of the present month, immediately after the afternoon service.

There was a large gathering at Ely on Thursday week at the opening and dedication of the additions to the buildings of the Theological College. It is now complete in all its parts, with ample accommodation for about twenty students, with rooms for principal, vice-principal, and chaplain. The Church is indebted to the Bishop of Ely's liberality for this work, and we understand he has spent nearly £10,000 upon the structure and in gifts to the bursarial fund to help students.

A military tournament and bazaar in aid of the fund now being raised for the restoration of the old church at Wollaton was opened on Monday at Wollaton Park, Nottingham. Preparations for the event were made on a liberal scale.

The magnificent five-light east window of Mossley church, near Manchester, has been filled with Munich stained glass to the memory of the late J. M. Kershaw, J.P., of Ashton-under-Lyne. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co.—At Kilkhampton, North Cornwall, on the festival of St. James, two stained-glass windows, given by the Misses Cole, of Exeter, in memory of their parents, were uncovered in the parish church. An effective Munich window, in memory of the late Henry Christopher Schaëf, Esq., of Mornex, Haute Savoie, has been placed at the east end of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Geneva, by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The Duke of Leeds has appointed the Rev. Charles C. Oldfield, Vicar of Minchin-Hampton, Gloucester, to the living of Harthill, near Sheffield, York, of the value of £600 a year, vacant by the death of the Rev. George F. Hudson; Earl Cadogan has appointed the Rev. Robert Eyton, Sub-Almoner to the Queen, and Curate-in-Charge of St. Mary's, Pimlico, to the Rectory of Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea, of the value of £600 a year; and the Simeon trustees have appointed the Rev. William Pearson, Vicar of Darnall, near Sheffield, to the important living of Shipley, near Bradford, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Kelly. It is of the value of £426 a year.—The Rev. W. A. Pope, of Redbourne, has been appointed by the Bishop of St. Albans' Vicar of Flamstead, Herts.

THE CHOLERA AT TOULON.

The scene at night on the Quay of the Vieille Darse at Toulon, during the recent cholera panic in that town, is represented in our Illustration, from a Sketch by M. Guyot. In front of the colossal bronze statue of the "Genius of Navigation," standing upon a white marble pedestal, with a rudder-oar in his right hand, and pointing with his raised left hand to the Mediterranean Sea, crowds of excited townspeople stood around the great fires, mostly of pitch, kindled by order of the municipal authorities to purify the air. Some were distressed or alarmed, others put on a show of wild festivity and reckless gaiety, dancing in a circle about the fire, singing and screaming, and throwing squibs or crackers over the pavement. The flames rose to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, with huge volumes of black smoke, and threw a fierce glare on the figures and faces of the tumultuous crowd. It was the opinion of the medical and sanitary advisers of the local government that this kind of distraction, while restrained from acts of mischief, would have a beneficial effect on the general health of the lower classes of inhabitants, lessening the predisposition to be infected with the cholera, which is supposed to seize more readily upon persons in a moody and depressed state of mind. The mortality and the number of cases in hospital at Toulon have rapidly diminished in the past two weeks; but the deaths from cholera in six weeks, from June 21 to July 31, amounted to 728. The people who had fled from the town began to return last week, and many of the shops and factories were reopened as before. At Marseilles, where about 1400 persons had died of cholera up to the end of last week, the foul condition of the harbour, as well as of the dwellings in some of the poorer districts of the city, seems to have greatly increased the ravages of the disease. Cholera still rages at Arles, and has there driven away the greater part of the population. At Avignon, at Aix, and other towns in the south-eastern departments of France, it has broken out with severity.

In Summer Time

Partake only of food that is suitable to the season. Wilson's American EXTRA Toast Biscuits are nutritious without taxing the digestion; are delicately crisp, and quite distinct from the various seemingly light but really underdone or "doughy" biscuits now frequently offered. Avoid these imitations. Get Wilson's American EXTRA Toast of your grocer, and you will have the prize biscuits of the world. Sole Consignee: David Challen, London.

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EXTRA ever Ladies and Gentlemen congregate,
EXTRA no article is more handy and acceptable
EXTRA at all luncheons and meals than Wilson's
EXTRA American Extra Toast Biscuits. Try
EXTRA them at once if as yet their merits are
EXTRA unknown to you.

TOAST.
TOAST.
TOAST.
TOAST.
TOAST.

TURKEY 5000 to select from
TURKEY of all sizes.
INDIAN 1000 in Stock
INDIAN in all sizes.
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CARPETS.

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PARQUET can now be supplied to any room without disturbing the existing floor, the average cost (including laying and polishing) for surrounding with Parquet a Persian, Turkey, Indian, or Square Carpet being £8.

NOTICE.—5000 Pieces Manufacturers' Best Brussels at 3s. per yard, but not newest patterns.

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NOTICE.—**MAPLE and CO.** have OPENED the NEW EXTENSION of their FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, making an addition of 1½ acre, including fourteen new Show-Rooms, for the display of High-Class Furniture.

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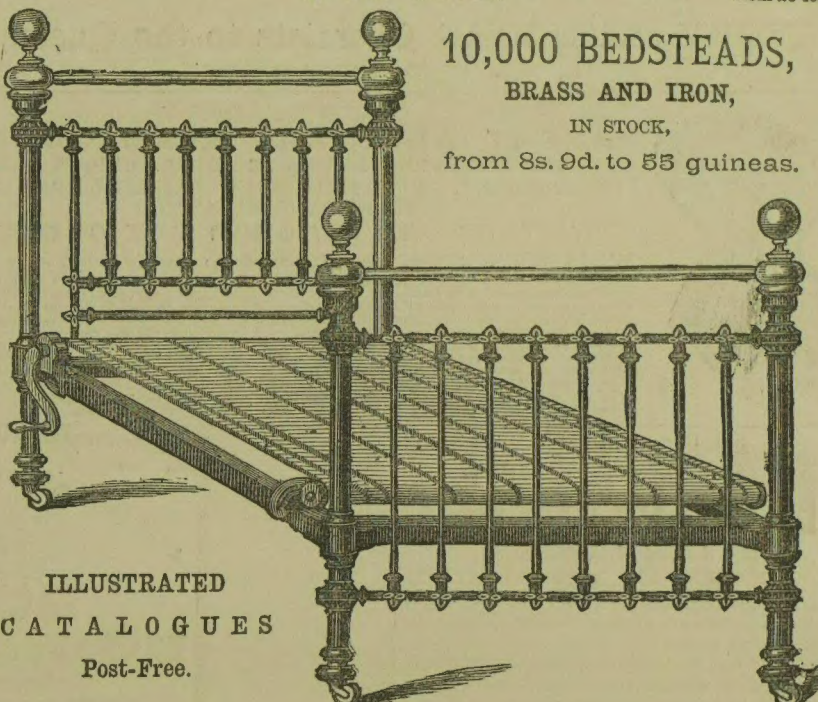
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MAPLE and CO.—BASS WOOD FURNITURE is one of the novelties particularly recommended, being much harder than pine, and a prettier wood. 500 Bed-Room Suites, finished in various woods, to select from, prices 5½ to 250 guineas. Many of these are quite novelties in shape and finish.

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THE **WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS** is a strong and wonderful fabric of fine wire, so interlocked and woven by a Patented process of diagonal **DOUBLE WEAVING** that an **ELASTIC** and **PERFECT** sleeping arrangement is secured. The hard spring wire used is carefully tinned, effectually preventing corrosion, and presents a very attractive and silver-like appearance.

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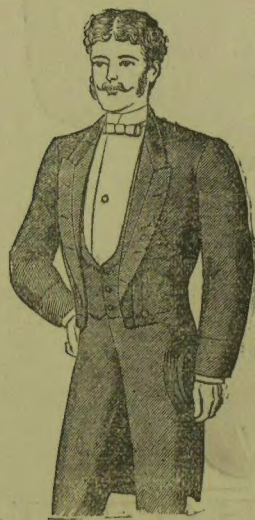
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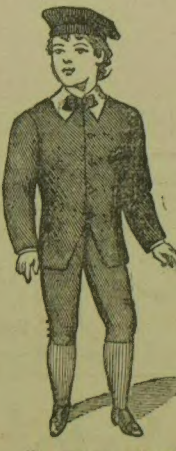
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For BOYS of
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For
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For BOYS of
3 to 11 years.



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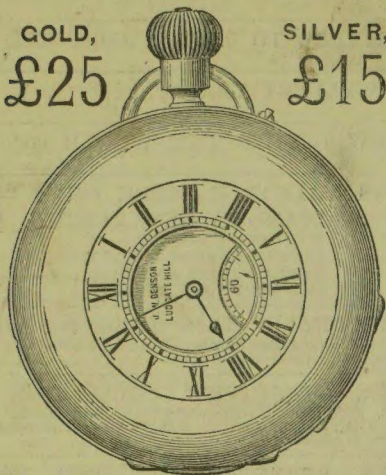


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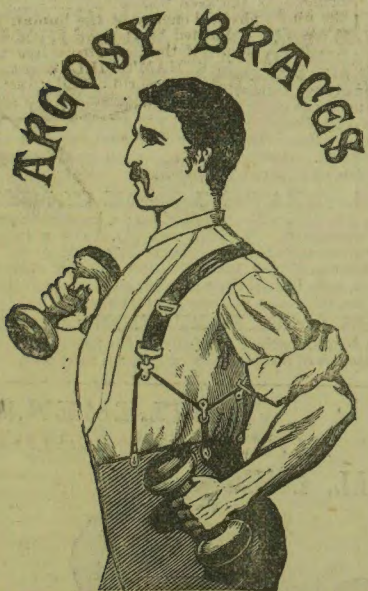


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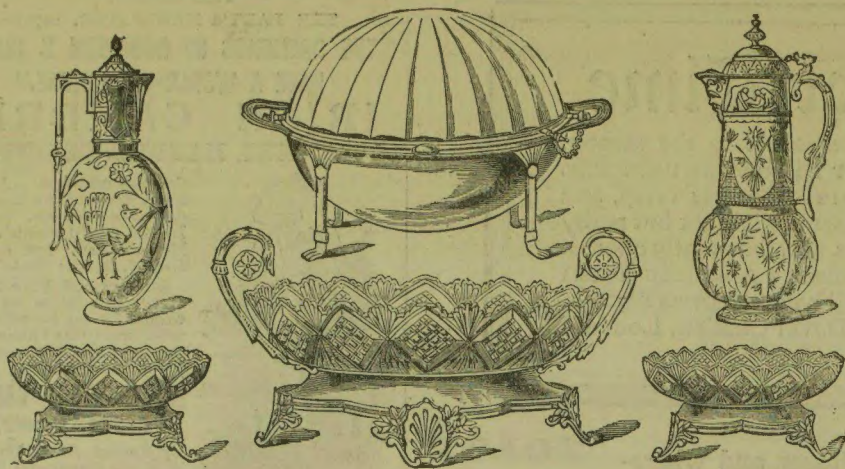
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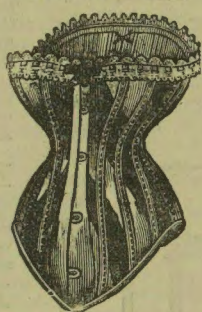
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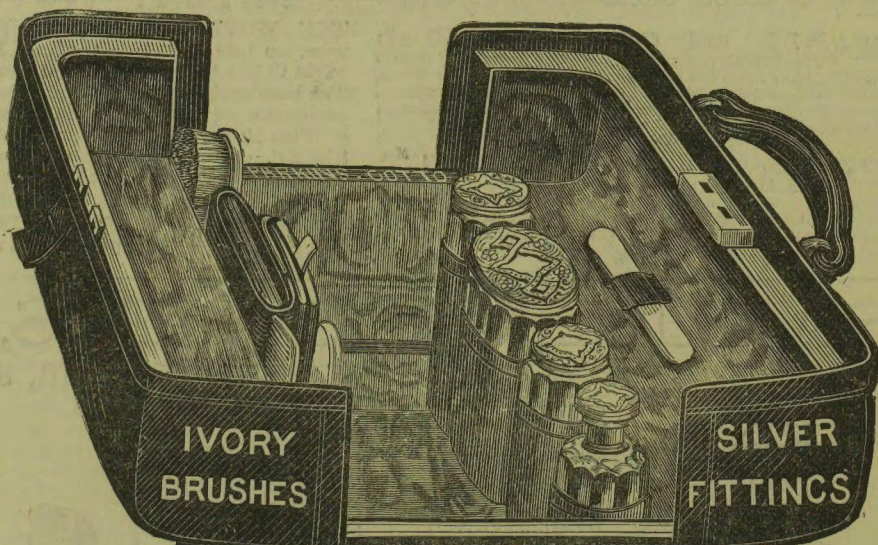
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